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MID-DAY DREAMS

IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

AND OTHER POEMS
OF PRIOR AND LATER YEARS

By Sipio Rederus

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MID-DAY DREAMS

REV. SIPKO REDERUS.

MID-DAY DREAMS

IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

AND OTHER PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE

WITH PORTRAIT

BY SIPKO REDERUS

Pastor of the Reformed Church at Ceres, N. Y.

AUTHOR OF "VIBRATIONS OF MY SOUL," ETC.

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PREFACE.

In view of the kind reception my previous book "Vibration of my Soul" has met with, I take the liberty to place this new volume before the public, begging pardon at the same time for the republication of a few pieces of the old volume which appear revised in this edition.

They are musings and observations by the wayside of my life, and when my fellow travellers find them refreshments and recreations on their journey, I shall feel gratified that they have done this service.

THE AUTHOR.

Malcom, N. Y., November, 1897.

Dedication.

To my dear departed Father,
Who now moves in heavenly sphere;
To my ever precious Mother,
Who yet with us lingers here;
To the family of mankind,
To my fellow-travelers here:
I here dedicate this volume,—
May it edify and cheer.

The Author.

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MID-DAY DREAMS IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

On a certain morning in spring I took a ramble through that lovely section of Wisconsin which lies between the little village of New Amsterdam and Galesville Ferry northwest of the City of La Crosse. It was a lovely morning, the air was serene, fleecy clouds drifted over my head and purple distances of forest and hill greeted me on every side.

My way led first along the bottom lands of the Black River, presenting a lovely woodland-scene that stretched away for miles to the west, set off by purple ridges of Minnesota and displaying the loveliness of the tender green of spring, interspersed with the white blossoms of the wild cherry whose fragrance filled the air. To the right towered the bluffs of Wisconsin, conspicuous among them King Bluff with an isolated rock by its side, resembling some mediæval castle tower.

In front of me was Dacorah peak, a cone-shaped rock flat on the top, in whose immediate vicinity Chief Dacorah is said to have given battle to his hereditary enemies, the Sioux.

Further on to the west Templean Hill loomed up marking the course of the Father of Waters and reminding me of the daring French adventurers who probably during the latter part of the seventeenth century held for a time their abode in its vicinity.

As I pursued my solitary way, I was pleasantly entertained by sweet woodland notes, such as the ceaseless tappings of the woodpecker in the forest, the lowing of the cattle in the valley, the monotonous songs of the blackbirds in the trees and the drumming of the woodcock in the forest recesses.

Descending at last into the valley I found myself on the edge of a beautiful lakelet, smooth as a mirror, except

where it was ruffled by an exploring muskrat or splashing aquatic bird.

For a short time I tarried in this lovely spot, admiring the modest beauty of the water lily and listening to the songs in the thicket that mingled with the ceaseless croaking of the frogs. Then turning to the right I wended my way to King Bluff (one of the highest elevations of Wisconsin) from which I expected to obtain an interesting view of the Mississippi Valley.

A short walk took me to my destination and after an exhausted scramble I stood on the towering rock, abundantly rewarded for my trouble, for a glorious panorama greeted my vision.

To the south, closely hugged to the bosom of the Father of Waters, I discovered the spires of busy La Crosse.

To the west, marking the course of the Mississippi were the undulating ridges of Minnesota against which appeared in bold relief the villages of Dresbach and Dakotah.

In the northwest Templean Hill was once more visible, with the town of that name on its base, while further on, dimly visible on the foot of Minnesota's hills, I detected the City of Winona. And there directly below me I spied the restful homesteads nestled among the groves, while here and there a plowman could be seen patiently pursuing his solitary course.

In the hazy distances, lazily floating over the landscape I noticed white puffs of smoke left by a passing steamer and a vapory streak drawn along the purple Mississippi Bluffs told me where the iron steed had pursued his steady course.

Lovely beyond description was the panorama unfolded before me, with hills and streams, cities and farm houses, forests and cops and as mine eyes leisurely swerved over the scene, my thoughts were involuntarily transported to the past.

How different, thought I, this valley would have

appeared to me, if I had occupied this position some hundred and fifty years ago.

Instead of these cities and hamlets I might have seen clusters of Indian wigwams (shifting villages of the plain). Where the peaceful cattle now grazed, there might have appeared to me some swift-footed antelope or browsing deer.

Yonder smoke that now revealed the passing steamer, I might have taken for the war signal of the Red Man, directing the movement of the strife.

Where now the farmer patiently plodded behind the plow, the dashing Indian hunter might have been seen, recklessly pursuing his game.

And instead of those reverberations, now caused by the white man's vehicle, which came winding up the hill, to haul the winter-supply for the hearth, I might have heard the weird lamentations of some Indian warriors, who came in a disorderly procession to lay a noted chief to rest among these vernal hills. But hardly anything of that wild, and in many respects enchanting life, had remained and the Red Man, once the ruling power of that world had disappeared too, driven from the sepulchers of his fathers by the ruthless intruders, to roam a vagabond in his own country, reading his approaching doom in the setting sun.

I felt the pathos of the circumstance and said to myself, "Down trodden Indian, I can realize thy condition. I can feel the rancor that consumes thy breast, but may the God of Justice redress thy wrongs and prevent the extinction of thy noble race!"

It was high noon now, and feeling the uncomfortable effects of the sun, I sought shelter beneath a tree, where overcome by a drowsy feeling I fell asleep and had an extraordinary dream.

I dreamed that I sat on the summit of King Bluff looking down its southern slope, when suddenly, a few rods from me, there emerged from the forest an Indian warrior of the old type, graceful in bearing and gigantic in

stature. He was in war costume, face painted and head feathered, with a bow in his right hand and a bundle of arrows dangling by his side.

I was terror stricken when I saw him and ready to make my escape, when in a stentorian voice he ordered me to stand still. Fearing that he might slay me I obeyed and soon stood face to face with the formidable intruder. With ferocious looks he stared at me and so completely was I overcome with terror, seeing his distorted features, that I could not utter a word. He seemed to observe it, for changing his combative attitude he addressed me with the following friendly words: "White man, don't fear Yellow Thunder for he will not hurt thee. He spoke first in a gruff way to prevent thee from running away, for he has to communicate to thee something of importance and which greatly will interest thee.

"There was a time when I would have been to thee a terror, when I was yet the powerful chief of the Winnebagoes, but that is all passed now, for what you see of him here is his spirit and there (pointing to a little mound near by) lies his body. My warfare is over and I am now a man of peace. The Great Spirit knows that Yellow Thunder speaks the truth; let his tongue be paralyzed if he utters a single falsehood!

"But," he continued, "thou fearest me still? Well, here (and he presented his calumet), let this pipe pass from my lips to thine and the smoke of it ascend to the Great Spirit as a witness to the truth of my statements." Then he smoked a while and handing the pipe to me I followed his example, because I knew that over this sacred emblem of the red man his word was never broken.

"You are at ease now?" he asked. I nodded. "Listen then," he continued, "to the sad story of Yellow thunder."

"But," said he, "let me explain to you before I begin, why I have such a desire to speak to you.

"When you sat there uttering the wish that the Great Spirit might preserve the red race and adjust its wrongs,

I stood behind you listening. Your hearty expression did me good and I said to myself, here then I have found at last a white man who is my brother. I will talk to him to relieve my heart and give him the story of my misfortunes (for although I am now in the happy hunting grounds of our departed, the miseries of my declining race on earth often grieve my spirit, and so leaves my present life still in an incomplete condition)." I became now interested. "Go on," said I, "for with great pleasure will I listen to the story of my brother."

He heaved a deep sigh, and then commenced his interesting narrative. "Do you see that hill there," he asked, "far away on the horizon?" I nodded. "Well," said he (with a wild look in his eyes that revealed his inward emotions), "there one day appeared the little cloud which spread all over our western world, and from which broke forth a tempest that brought death and desolation over our people.

"Ah! why were we not wiser! Why did the red man, who knows the signs of Heaven and whose very steps are caution, allow the beautiful snake to take shelter in his bosom where it so successfully gave him the deadly bite?

"One day, as I with a company of chiefs, had gathered for a peaceful chat on the banks of the Miche-Sepe there came floating down stream strange objects which proved to be canoes but of such a wonderful shape and so much larger than ours that we became somewhat alarmed.

"As they came nearer we saw that they contained human beings, but so strange in appearance that we surmised them to be inhabitants of the spirit world. Their form was like ours, but their faces were white, the lower part of which was covered with a thick growth of hair, while their garments, which covered their bodies from head to foot, appeared also different in shape and of other color than ours.

"But what astonished us the most was the deadly effect of their weapons, for as one of them pointed a kind of

straight rod toward a bird that flew over them, we saw a puff of smoke followed by a loud report that sent the animal dead to the ground.

"The wonderful news was soon known in the village and all came flocking out to the riverside, squaws, children, and old people, but the strange sight so frightened them that they hurried back screaming at the top of their voices that the Great Spirit had come to destroy them. And, let me freely say, that we, the chiefs, who never had showed the heart of a squaw, not even in the greatest dangers, also felt strangely affected, although we did not show it, for we consider it a disgrace to a red man to manifest fear in the presence of death, though he be sent by the Great Spirit to destroy us.

"But our hearts grew somewhat lighter when we noticed that the strangers instead of landing upon our shores crossed over to the opposite side of the river, stepped out and erected their wigwams.

"We returned now to our village, taking, however, the precaution to place a guard on the river side, and then talked about nothing else but the spirit men.

"The question was now what was to be done under the circumstances, for to live unconcerned in close proximity of such formidable strangers would be the greatest imprudence. So we concluded to call a council together, which soon afterward met, and an extraordinary meeting it was, in which the principal chiefs of the neighboring tribes took a lively part.

"Our discussions lasted two days and there appeared first to be a diversity of opinion about the actions to be taken, a few stout-hearted ones favoring expulsion or wholesale slaughter. But the greater number advocated peace, for they argued, if these people are the embassadors of the Great Spirit, they may, if we treat them kindly, reward us richly, but if we maltreat them bring death and desolation over our people.

"All seemed to feel the strength of this argument and so it was resolved to send over an embassy of Chiefs

with our friendly greetings and to find out by a diligent inquiry the real state of affairs.

"The next day three of the chiefs (I one of their number) started out on this important mission, for we feared that delay might hasten on our destruction.

"Not a word was spoken as we paddled our canoes across the Father of Waters, having all the while our eyes fixed on the camp of our mysterious visitors, who detecting us, gathered upon the banks of the river armed with their fire-rods.

"This first alarmed us and we stopped for a moment, but as they gave us a sign to come on, we proceeded again and soon stood face to face for the first time, with the white men (for such they proved afterwards to be,and no Spirits, as we first surmised). They received us very kindly, and soon by signs (for they could not speak our language) we carried on an interesting conversation.

"They conducted us to their wigwams and showed us their many beautiful articles made of strange material and wonderfully fashioned, such as their long and beautiful scalping knives and their dreadful fire-rods, whose wonderful operations they revealed to us. Then they exhibited also to us a small round box containing a little trembling rod, which, no matter how it was turned went back to its original position, pointing toward the Great River, and by which they said to have been directed over the Great Water and through untrodden wildernesses to us, a wonderful article, which proved that the white man, who could fabricate such things, stood in a secret communication with the Great Spirit. And that this was so, we soon afterward found out, for when we had examined these and other strange things, they conducted us in the presence of their great medicine man, a person whose peculiar garment and kind expression had attracted our attention from the beginning, and who showed us another wonderful object, called the great Spirit book, through which he communicated

with the Great Spirit and so derived his wisdom as a teacher to the white and red people.

"Great good man, how well I remember the wonderful impression he made upon me, with his white locks and beard that encircled his good natured, ruddy countenance, a view as charming as the wintry Miche-Sepe in the evening glow with his snow clad hills all around him.

"Until late in the evening we remained with our friends and then returned to our people, greatly rejoicing that we had found men whose hearts beat for us with the warmest affections, and no spirits, as we first surmised. Our people were already anxiously waiting for us upon the shore, and great was their joy when they saw us back again and could listen to our wonderful tales about the white man.

"In the course of time the strangers put up their abode among us, although they took the precaution to surround their wigwams in the manner of some of our tribes, with a wooden enclosure, called stockade, to serve as a protection against the red man in case he should attack them.

"This however proved to have been not necessary for we did not suspect them at all of evil intentions, and so in the future we lived in harmony and peace.

"They became on very intimate terms with us; accompanied us on our hunting expeditions, gave us valuable instructions and wise counsel, and often during the summer evenings would gather with us around our fires relating wonderful stories about their people across the Great Water, or thrilling adventures, so dear to the red man's heart (for it must be remembered that in a comparatively short time they learned to express themselves in our tongue).

"They had, however, no intention to remain long among us and so after a delightful stay of two summers, bade us a kind farewell and returned to their people, taking with them a quantity of our wares and giving us in exchange for it many of their useful articles, among them a few valuable fire rods and some ammunition.

"Two of them, however, remained with us,—the White Medicine Man and his adopted son, a child, whom he had bought on his way to us from one of our tribes who had taken him captive in an encounter with the whites and whom we called afterwards Antelope, on account of his swift footed capacity.

"The reason why this man resolved to stay with us was the following: He said he that was the son of a great Chief across the Great Water, that he lived there with his parents in great luxury, when one day the Great Spirit ordered him to leave his home, his friends and possessions and to go to the red man, giving him that information about his kind disposition toward mankind, which in former days he had communicated by other men to the whites, and which had made them so much wiser and greater than their red brethren.

"He had at once obeyed his orders and with a number of companions entered upon the dangerous journey, crossing the Great Water and travelling through wildernesses, both attended with the greatest hardships and privations, until at last he reached the red children of the setting sun.

"And now let me tell you what he had to say about the Great Spirit:

"The Great Spirit said he had made all things, the sun, moon, stars and this world with rivers, lakes, hills, valleys and all kinds of animals, but that man was his greatest work, whose race was represented first by one man and woman, whose children we all were, the whites and the reds. That he loved them more than all his other creatures, because they resembled him more closely and obeyed his will and for which he had rewarded them richly, having endowed them, among other things, with perfect happiness and eternal life. But that one day the Evil Spirit came and in a treacherous way caused him to disobey the Great Spirit, who became so indignant about it, that he drove them away from his presence and punished them with sorrow and death. That, how-

ever, the Great Spirit later on, had mercy on them and coming down in the form of a man showed them the way to immortal life hereafter. But that the Evil Spirit did not like this and therefore declared war to the Great Good Spirit and displayed such an ability, that he succeeded in conquering and capturing the latter, whom he cruelly tortured to death. That three days afterwards the Great Spirit revived again, who summoning now to his aid all his forces in heaven and upon earth, attacked the Evil One, whom he completely routed and for ever disabled, after which he gave man free and undisputed access to the land of eternal glory and peace.

"We first did not pay much attention to his story, but when we saw how devoted he was to us, which revealed the greatness and sincerity of his heart, proving that the Great Spirit dwelt in him, we accepted his teachings and from that moment on became happier and more prosperous than ever before. Great, good man, no wonder that his people called him Father, for a true Father he was, not only to them but also to us.

"What did he not do to benefit us? Swimming turbulent streams, crossing treacherous swamps, plodding through deep snows in the bitter cold of the winter and travelling through forests infested with ferocious beasts! And then what a help he was to the sick and the dying! What valuable medicine he would administer, which dislodged the evil spirits that tormented our loved ones and oh! how the broken vision of the dying lit up with animation, when he assured them, that they were on their way to the happy lands of peace where disease and death were unknown!

"And——on what intimate terms he was with Yellow Thunder, his squaw, Rising Star, and his little girl Roe!

"How many a pleasant hour he spent with us, accompanied by Antelope!

"How time sped by, when he related to us his travels and adventures and particularly when he spoke of his old home and land! And sometimes during the tranquil

summer evenings, when the Great Spirit started his fires on the blue plains above, how eagerly we would listen, when he told us, that those tiny sparks were worlds and suns, which never grew old, floated forever on the air without support and as plainly could be seen by his people across the Great Water as we saw them here! But, how much more it interested us when he revealed the fact, that the Great Spirit, who made and kept all that was our Father's, whose protecting arms were forever around us, significantly pointing then to the cross which he wore on his breast!

"Happy days, why could they not last forever! Why had the night of death forever to darken this beautiful heaven of life and love!

"But thus it happened, for the Father began gradually to feel the effects of declining age, which, combined with those infirmities that follow as a rule a life spent in hardships and exposures, broke down his strong constitution and ended his useful life.

"Let me tell you what hastened on the end!

"One day he started out on a journey to a distant tribe. It was late in the fall and wet weather followed, rains every day, accompanied with chilling blasts. There was no shelter on his path, except where he found perchance an overhanging rock or cave, and which afforded a poor protection against the inclemency of the weather. Under these unfavorable circumstance he pursued his course, often in a drenched condition, until finally, totally exhausted, and suffering from pain he reached his destination.

"But his stay there was short, for as he felt his end approaching, and earnestly desired to die among us, he started on his return journey as soon as the weather became milder, and late in spring managed to reach us. We greatly rejoiced to see him back, but alas! noticed at once the great change that had come over him; his hollow cough, his emaciated features, his sunken eyes, and his unsteady gait. The good Father was dying

and he himself was aware of it, but he was resigned to his lot, yea spoke even with joy about his approaching departure. However it affected us sadly, for how lonely and desolate would be our existence without him. 'Father,' we used to say therefore, 'ah! do not leave us, pray the Good Spirit to prolong thy days.' But then with a smile on his lips he would answer: 'My children, be resigned, the Great Spirit has willed it thus and his ways are always good and wise. But judge for yourself, would it not be better for me to go to my rest after so much anxiety and toil? Would you envy my repose? And do you suppose that the Great Spirit would allow the work go to ruin, for which he in his wisdom called me away from my kindred and friends? No, no, my children, learn to say, like your Saviour in Gethsemane, 'thy will be done.' '

"That settled it; we said no more and with resignation to the will of the Great Spirit, watched the gradual decline of the dear flame of life.

"The work of destruction proceeded now rapidly; he grew daily weaker and soon was compelled to stay at home, musing his last days away in his little summer house, a wooden frame-work, overgrown with ivy, built by his own hand on a cliff overhanging the river, faithfully attended by his loving Antelope.

"And it was to this place, when he felt his end approaching, that he one day hastily summoned us, in order that he might give us his blessing. We hurried at once to his home, myself, Rising Star and Roe. He was, as usual, in his summer house, but on entering we found him sleeping in a sitting position, leaning backward against the wall, his head bent forward and with the Spirit Book upon his knees, on which rested his folded hands.

"Fearing to disturb him, we retraced our steps, but he awoke and with a smile on his lips beckoned us to his presence. We drew near. 'My children,' said he, 'you have just come in time, for besides giving you my blessing, I can report to you interesting news. In

my short slumber here I had a peculiar dream and the Great Spirit has informed my spirit that it is a prophetic vision, revealing the blessed future of your and my race.

" 'Let me relate it to you, and may the Great Spirit give me strength to finish it to the end.

" 'I dreamed that I occupied a commanding position on a certain plateau that terminated precipitously near a wide, beautiful stream, a grassy glade with dense forests all around me, except on the river side, where it looked out upon a charming scene, with the placid river below me, dimly visible through a thin veil of mist and bordered on the other side by bold precipitous mountains.

" 'As I sat there, mine eyes leisurely swerving over the delightful landscape, there came suddenly bounding forth from the forest two fleet-footed animals, apparently some kind of Antelope and young Roe, which, dashing close by me entered the wood just opposite to my place and disappeared from view. I concluded that they were chased, and so it was, for at once there emerged from the forest a hunter, who coming up to me asked me politely if I had seen the creatures referred to. I answered affirmatively, told him where the animals had disappeared and he continued his chase.

" 'My curiosity was now aroused and straining my ears I waited for the report of the hunter's gun that would seal the fate of the innocent creatures.

" 'Nothing, however, came to my ear and now the thought struck me that the animals in their bewildered condition might possibly have leaped over the precipice, which was directly behind the woods in which they had disappeared. Immediately I instituted search, and arriving at the declivity, which was about two hundred feet above the river, I looked down, but found my view obstructed by a cluster of gnarled evergreens, growing out of the crevices of the rocks. So I made a short descent and taking my position on a projecting limb of a tree, could look down for about fifty feet, when again a few trees were in my way. And now, as I tried to

obtain a glimpse of the valley through an opening between the branches, mine eyes fell upon an eagle's nest, built upon a projecting rock. Noticing that it contained something alive and expecting it to be young eagles, I descended a little lower so as to obtain a better view of the interesting birds. But imagine my surprise, when instead of young eagles I found the very animals in it for which I was in search, an antelope and young deer, unhurt and apparently as tame as domestic animals.

"'I tried now to approach the nest and if possible to rescue the little creatures from their perilous position. But just as I made the attempt, I heard a voice above me uttering these remarkable words, clear and distinct: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. They shall mount up with wings as of eagles; they shall run and not be weary and they shall walk and not faint.'

"'Struck with terror I looked up, when lo, there hovered over me a huge eagle, who slowly descending, alighted on the nest, carefully covering the animals with his long, broad pinions. And now I saw a wonderful transformation, for the quadrupeds suddenly changed into young eagles, who, following the mother bird, soared heavenward, higher and higher, until they disappeared from view.

"'The wonderful vision greatly alarmed me for I knew that the Great Spirit had spoken to me. What could be the significance? I took courage and lifting mine eyes to heaven, I prayed, 'Oh Great, Good Spirit explain to thy servant the meaning of this wonderful vision.' And immediately there came His answer, 'Wake up and thou shalt know it.' I awoke, saw you, and the mystery stood revealed before me.'

"'My children,' he continued, 'listen now attentively and I will tell you what the Great Spirit has to say.' Then he ordered Roe and Antelope to draw near to him and when they had done so, he joined their right hands

and laid his right one on Antelope's head and his left one on Roe's. 'These two,' said he, "will become man and wife and in their union is prefigured the union of the white and red races. It will, however, take some time before it is accomplished, terrible wars must precede it, the whites and the reds trying to exterminate each other, instigated by the Evil Spirit, but the Great, Good Spirit will interfere and finally effect a lasting reconciliation, resulting in the union of the two races, forming them into one of the greatest nations the world ever saw, with one common Totum, the Eagle, significant of their strength, bravery, rising abilities and protecting care, which they will extend to the persecuted that come to these shores from all the lands of the world.' The father ceased to speak and as he lifted his eyes to heaven, I noticed that his lips quivered with sublime emotions. A great weakness now came over him, his last forces were spent.—He gasped for breath.—His lips moved once more and with great difficulty he uttered these last words in faltering accent: 'My children—it is all over—with me now—I—am—going—to—my—Father. He—bless—you. Farewell—forever.' His head sank upon his breast, his eyes closed, he slept. Alas! it was the sleep of death. The father had launched his canoe upon the wide, dark river of death and we stood weeping and forsaken upon the shore. The sad news spread like a wild fire among the tribes and there was a great mourning.

"We buried the good father with all the honors due to a great chief and carefully encased his remains in a birch-bark canoe, laid him to rest near his beloved wigwam in the hearing of the murmuring Miche-Sepe and placed upon his grave, according to his directions, the sign of the Great Spirit, 'for' said he, 'that cross will remind you of the love of the Great Spirit for you and of the instruction, which I have given you in His name."

"My story is told," said Yellow Thunder, "but, oh!

how it pains my heart that I never saw the predictions of the great father fulfilled. The dreary events that followed are too many to be told. Let it be sufficient when I tell you that we were betrayed by the white man. Our visitors, whom we had treated so kindly and who meant it well for us too, unintentionally had opened the way for others, people with black hearts, and terrible times followed. One lawless band followed another, and they pillaged and murdered among us, but we resisted their aggressions with unflinching stubborness and the blood flowed freely. Ours, however, was a hopeless cause, for neither our superior number nor our unflinching bravery could compete with the white man's sagacity and continually we lost ground. Still we fought on and in the fierce struggle Rising Star, Antelope and my sweet child Roe perished. I survived them all and even the chiefs who were born during my old age, my heart deeper cut with each succeeding year, until I too fell in the bloody encounter for the cause of my people.

"Yes, my warfare is over now, and sometimes I leave my happy hunting grounds to wander over these hills watching the progress of the white man and the gradual decline of my people.

"But through the dark cloud that hangs over them, I have discovered a star of hope. There is after all a better future for the Red Man and therefore I say, 'Go on, White Man, betray and kill and be quick about it too, for the death of our race on earth is the morning of our freedom in the Spirit world. One by one they are arriving at our happy hunting grounds.' The White Man says, 'They are reading their doom in the setting sun.' I see the dawn of an eternal day of glory, keep freely all thy ill gotten gains, we desire no more thy country (virtually ours), but dismal with horrible recollections. Oh! Great, Good Spirit, send soon all thy Red Children to us, through the golden gates of the west."

My warrior ceased to speak. Suddenly I heard a rumbling noise, resembling the distant roar of thunder;

nearer and nearer it came, until it sounded like a fearful stampede, accompanied with unearthly yells, hideous shouting and loud snorting. I looked around and there appeared to me a little ways off a cloud of dust, and immediately after it immense herds of buffalo, antelope, deer and other wild animals. Countless Indian hunters mounted on wild steeds struggled between and galloped behind the surging mass, wild with excitement and fantastically arrayed.

I had a view of the Red Man's happy hunting grounds. Where was Yellow Thunder? He had joined his comrades. I happened to see him yet in the distance, and waving his hand to me in token of farewell, he jumped upon his steed and disappeared with the rest in the cloud of dust that rolled after the confused mass. A gush of wind passed through the tree over my head and I was awake.

I looked once more over the Mississippi Valley, spread out before me in all the loveliness of the hazy spring afternoon, renovated and improved, now no longer disturbed by cruel wars that once cursed its inhabitants, but blest by peaceful industries, the result of intellectual and spiritual enlightenment. It was the result of the teachings of the Nazarene, whose elevating doctrines as early as the eighteenth century were proclaimed by these self-sacrificing Missionary Fathers to the Red Man in the Mississippi Valley, carried forward and improved by their successors under different names.

True, with all these bearers of the truth came also the unprincipled ones who maltreated the unsuspecting hospitable children of nature. But like a wild mountain-stream that spreads death and desolation in its early overflow, but in its retreat leaves behind the rich alluvian deposit, which gives a good harvest to many, thus with the rush of lawless adventure came our Christian Civilization here, now supported and protected by a government that recognizes the equality of races and finally must render justice to the downtrodden Indian.

Let us trust that he is safe now in the spacious nest of the American Eagle in which so many of the oppressed of the nations of the earth have found refuge and that both races finally wedded to each other forever will bury Tomahawk and Sword.

And so it will come to pass that the original Lord of the Soil in his union with the White American once more possesses the inheritance of his Fathers, a better and happier Lord, rescued by an all overruling Providence from ignorance and bloody strife (which eventually would have destroyed him), gently led onward to Excelsior by the Soaring American Eagle.

His sun has set, his fascinating presence
In peace and war has vanished from our land,
His council fires are out, his brown Sepees demolished
His tomahawk lies buried in the sand.

Sleep, warrior, sleep, we will forget your errors
And emulate the virtues which you had
And with your children, now our brothers and our sisters
Place reverently the flowers upon your bed.

OLEANDER.*

Upon the seashore stood
A maiden young and fair.
The sea was wild and white,
Her eyes spoke of despair.
Yonder there was the ship,
Sinking into the wave,
Of all the gazers on
No one that ship could save.
Upon that craft was one,
No one but she loved more.
It brought Leander back
From distant foreign shore.
Once more the waves rose high,
Swept by the swelling gale.
She watched — stretched forth her hands,
Away sunk mast and sail.
With a derisive roar,
That drowned the maiden's screech
The wild and crested waves.
Came dancing on the beach
Once more the cruel sea
Her frolic did repeat,—
A lifeless, youthful form,
It flung before her feet.
There was a cry—she fell
Upon the dead man's breast,
And in young Hero's arms,
Her lover's form did rest.

Upon the lonely shore
She dug Leander's grave,
Beneath a verdant shrub,
In hearing of the wave,
And on the grave its boughs
Spread out their shadows deep,
A shelter for the girl,
Who came to sigh and weep.
And there her drooping soul
Grew darker day by day,
Until the clouds of grief
Extinguished reason's ray.
And from the shady bower,
The loud and frantic cry,
"O! O! Leander," would
Attract the passer by.

A stranger passed that way.
He found the raving maid,
He asked her, "Who art thou?"
But not a word she said.
Another man came up,
He solved the mystery.
It touched the traveller
With tender sympathy.

The stranger left the place,
And from the blooming tree
That shaded the lone maid,
A little twig plucked he.
He brought it to his home,
And kept it carefully.
The plant unknown to him
He called Leander-tree.

Whenever you now see
An Oleander bloom,
Think of poor Hero's heart,
And young Leander's doom.

* See note.

Neglected Virtue Dying.

It's done at last, the beauteous flower,
That bloomed unseen on mountain crest
Has blossomed out and dying stands,
With drooping head in chilling blast.
Ah! mountain flower so sweet so fair,
Why must thou stand beneath the sky,
By chilly rain and tempest lashed,
Unnoticed, and unloved, to die?

Be quiet, my friend, his Maker says,
The flower knew me, and him I knew,
And this was happiness to him,
Though lone, and on him tempests blew,
There is not such a thing, my friend,
In this grand universe of mine,
And certainly no work like this,
That goes unnoticed to decline.

Man often gives the palm to those
Who are not worthy of the name;
And worthy ones who hear his praise,
Find talent not increased by fame.

The Maker blows upon the flower,
His seed lands in the promised land,
And mid the choicest flowers he blooms,
And round him sings an angel band.

A Dewdrop on a Thirsty Ground.

How sweet it is, escaped from worldly bustle,
To enter on the slumbers of the night,
When the departed sit awhile beside us
Companions of our wand'ring spirit's flight.

Their countenances are like Seraph's faces,
Love, truth, and ever peace expressing,
They smile on us, and light beams in the darkness,
Which makes our pilgrimage so oft distressing.

Their voices like the Æolean harp are sounding
(Sweet chords of love, in heavenly breeze vibrating.
Swerving in lands, where happiness is lasting
Without illusions and realities creating.)

I have just now such pleasant dream experienced ;
One of my dear departed came to me.
Yea, 'twas her countenance, though far exceeding
Its fair impressions on my memory.

"Welcome," I said, "I'll raise here tabernacles,
A habitation for thy form and me."
She stared at me, yet with unearthly vision,
Such penetrating eyes I ne'er did see.

I cast mine down, for her sweet answer waiting,
But 'twas in vain, for when I raised my head,
With smiling face, her hand was upward pointing,
And to the far unknown her vision fled.

Alas ! the precious dead may not return,
As long as time's sure pendulum must swing,
Which to the heart, inflamed by mem'ries frictions,
Unceasingly a painful blow does bring.

How melancholy moans the wind about the pines,
Far from me rests the precious dead I love.
I long to stand beside the mould'ring clay,
O ! could I rise on pinions of a dove.

Vacant the place remains, where storms my flowers have nipped,
The spirit which would fly, feels that the wings are clipped.
Yet here is still a sphere to which the Master calls,
And on my post I'll stay, until life's curtain falls.

1877.

THE RUINED CHURCH.

Here loved devoted hearts to pray,
  Here weary souls would congregate,
To hear the way of life proclaimed,
  Which pointed to the heavenly gate.

These roofless, broken, mould'ring walls,
  Now gloomy and deserted,
Would once resound with happy praise,
  Flowing from hearts converted.

Where Eden's exiles once could find
  A precious consolation,
There wings the ugly bat at night,
  And governs desolation.

Our hearts are often said to be
  Most precious sanctuaries,
Where He who fills immensity
  Will make a home and tarries.

The world with evil is ablaze,
  And sparks are still descending;
A voice says: "Man, be on thy guard,
  Thy holy grounds defending."

One spark of evil on thy roof
  May waste the sanctuary,
Making the spot where God would dwell,
  Forever solitary.

1879.

AN ECHO.

Where is He? Ask the fount of light,
  With its bright, blinding rays,
That ever moving wheel of heaven,
  Wrapped in mysterious blaze.

Where is He? Ask the wand'ring breeze,
When evening shades draw near,
And the mysterious wanderers
On heavenly fields appear.

Where is He? Ask where roaring seas
Meet on the battle-field,
And mighty castles of the flood
To their fierce power must yield.

Where is He? Ask the hidden vales,
And mountains of the deep,
Where mariners have found a grave
Far from their homes to sleep.

Where is He? Ask where thunders roll
In the wild, raging night;
When fiery arrows cleave the clouds,
And vapory giants fight.

Where is He? Ask the arctic shores,
With everlasting ice.
Where is He? Ask Sahara's plains,
Where poisonous winds arise.

Where is He? Ask the distant west,
Fair California's domes,
Between whose solid, towering walls,
The stag peacefully roams.

Where is He? Hsk the ancient realms,
Where ruined castles tower,
Which tell the tale of grandeur's fate,
And Time's relentless power.

Where'er our eyes or thoughts may roam,
Or terrified we flee,
We do observe him everywhere,
Whom ne'er an eye did see.

1874.

THE SABBATH-BELLS.

Again the solemn Sabbath-bells,
Awake the fragrant morning calm,
But naught disturbs the silent rest
With which my father's soul is blest.

Again the lightly ringing bell
Sounds direful from the hollow spire ;
It calls my father's flock to prayer,
But the good Shepherd is not there.

Again the bell repeats that sound,
Urging the tarrying ones to come,
But though the bell repeats that sound,
It cannot stir his sleep profound.

The years will come, the years will go,
And Sabbaths thousand times return,
Sometimes descend on perfumed wing,
And thousand times the bells will ring.

But bells may ring and Sabbaths come,
And thousand anthems swell the choir,
My father will not hear a noise,
Nor mingle with the Sabbath-joys.

My heart is heavy, oh, that loss !
I miss him on this Sabbath-morn,
I'll miss him where my feet shall roam,
Far, far away from dear old home.

Ring, ring on, sweet Sabbath-bell,
Though grief and sorrow fills my heart,
Still joy is mingled with the clang,
Which does relieve the inward pang.

Ye tell me of a land of flowers
Eternal and of merry bells
Ringing through all eternity,
Where father as a saint I see.

And still I hear another voice,
Which sounds prophetic from that spire,
Telling me of that grand spring morn,
When dust to Heaven shall be borne.

Sweet comforts of the Holy Book,
I feel relieved, my heart's at rest,
"Reunion!" sounds from every tower,
"Rising again!" says every flower.

Farewell, good father! fare thee well!
Enjoy thy heavenly Sabbath-rest.
We hope to join thy company,
When bells call for eternity.

And when we face again the storms,
Hushed to their ears for ever now,
May this sweet thought fore'er be ours,
When leaving thee beneath the bowers.

Pella, Iowa, May, 1886.

MOONLIGHT REVERIE.

The moon looks from behind the clouds
Upon the wintry earth,
And sheds its rays o'er vale and hill,
While all is still.

Mine eyes are wand'ring o'er the scene,
Bound for south-western clime,
Where the beloved at home reside,
This lovely night.

Could I mount up on eagle's wings,
To yonder free-born moon,
Thence their dear faces I could see,
And they see me.

Bright Luna's telescopic eye,
Contracts the numerous miles,
And though she plays upon this wall,
Perceives us all.

By hills and valleys kept apart,
Her love keeps us together,
By two embracing arms of light,
This silent night.

Alas! she hides her friendly looks
Behind a veil of clouds,
The night grows dark, the storms appear,
No one is near.

Cheer up, my soul, for One is near,
Who watches o'er us all,
He stays with them, and with thee here,
Forever near.

Sweet day, when we may hear His call:
"Mount up to my abode,
Come enter now a lasting home,
No more to roam."

Shine once more on my face, dear moon!
And on those loved ones yonder,
Remind us of that blessed site,
Without a night!

MAN, GOD AND NATURE.

In the glorious heavens above us,
In the earth beneath our feet,
Aye, where'er our thoughts may wander,
God's benevolence we meet.
Man, before thee stands Creation,
Filled with Music, sweet and grand.
Let an instrument so glorious,
Not before the idle stand.
Let thy heart the yielding Keys touch,
And a music thou shalt hear,
That will fill thy soul with rapture,
And draw God and Angels near.

TO MR. AND MRS. SLEYSTER, OF PRESTON, MINNESOTA,

ON THEIR 13TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

For thirteen years the peaceful stream
Of marriage-bliss has passed,
Beside your dwelling and to-day
You look upon the past.
And over all you see the hand
Of God, to bless your days,
And in your heart swells gratitude,
And on your lips is praise.
My friends, these are my wishes now,
That long yet you may live,
And when you have to go that then,
In heaven may land your skiff.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

(On a certain occasion).

Godspeed I wish the little boat
That bears you happy pair,
And let a third one go with you
The Captain, who takes care.
And may a cloudless sky be yours,
But no,—that is not right,
For on the ocean there is storm
And often a black night.
But in the storm and in the night
Your Captain do obey.
He knows the dangers and the coast
And points out the right way.
And now,—go each one to your place,
The wife to the front end
To watch, and on the wheel the man,
The steering to attend.

LITTLE MARY.*

Her dust rests in another land,
A region far away,—
Where first our vacant eye received
Life's penetrating ray.

The house is altered where we dwelt,
Our childish plays have ceased,
Sweet rest came to thy little feet
While our wild storms increased.

We left our early home since years,
By circumstances driven,
Thou did'st prefer a better course,
Turning thy prow to Heaven.

The sad event comes back to me,
The melancholy hour
When death rushed in upon our home,
Its inmates to devour.

I stricken down by a dread plague,
Lay senseless on my bed.
A little hand was laid in mine,
The other stroked my head.

I 'woke, and heard a childish voice,
That spoke: "Thou shalt remain
Brother (for I have prayed the Lord),
And we shall play again.

Mine eyes stared on the little form,
But closed again, and I
Was sinking fast and people said,
"The poor boy has to die."

But the faint spark of life, which seemed
To turn fore'er to gloom,
Caught up the fanning breeze of heaven
And I escaped my doom.

*See Note.

I looked around, but horrified
I turned mine eyes away,
For seizing on my sister's form,
Death took *her* for his prey.

No father held her parting form,
No mother closed her eyes,
For when they met their distant friends,
Their darling had to die.

I often stood beside her grave,
When but a little boy,
But never can the cruel time
Her memory destroy.

No more my feet shall press the dust,
That settles on her tomb,
Tasting the soothing solitude
With her at evening gloom.

Our tears no more fall on the mound,
Drawn up from hearts so sore,
The rain instead of them shall now
Upon that mansion pour.

We sigh no more beside thy grave,
Thou, sister, art alone!
But the good wind shall take our place,
And often come to moan.

Our dust shall rest in other soil,
Far, far from thee away,
And other rains and other winds
Shall with our ashes play.

Yet hearts and hands shall join again,
Which motionless must lie,
When God shall raise the dead to life,
And take us to the sky.

DAMSEL-FOREST.

A HOLLAND LEGEND.

A mystic air hangs o'er the dark pine forest.
Unearthly, lone, its chambers do appear,
And not without a cautious face and vision,
The simple rustics to its gloom draw near.

Unhabited, weird and solitary,
Encircled by the wide, brown fields of heath,
Rooted in sand, stands firm old Damsel-forest.
With many a foot-path winding underneath.

Mysterious sounds by roving winds awakened,
Fall on one's ear, when passing through that wold.
The tall pines moan, while 'neath the moonbeams often,
The traveler strange shadows does behold.

For ages it has stood, unchanged and solitary,
Where generations come and disappear,
Talking away, in accents strange, unearthly,
Which sires would shun and their good children fear.

(A fit abode for those, whose links are severed
From earthly intercouse, its ways and life.
This is their Paradise, a home for restless phantoms,
Who here at night from many a grave arrive.)

There on a certain night, thus runs the story,
Strange spirit-life appeared to human eye,
Leaving the dark recesses of the forest,
And to a band of travelers drew nigh.

Some hundred years ago, a famous preacher,
Known for his piety, his zeal and power,
Came on a visit to the neighboring village,
To preach the word beneath the ancient tower.

The townfolk in the old church congregated,
And from the hills the simple peasants drew near;
Age, youth, and e'en the little children,
Before the earnest preacher did appear.

The words of comfort and of hopes eternal,
Fell with effect upon the listener's ears.
The pious felt themselves nearer to heaven,
The sinner left, a penitent in tears.

Thus as a messenger of peace and comfort,
The venerable preacher left the fold,
And with his friends nearer to God and heaven,
On clumsy vehicle they homeward rode.

Meanwhile the sun had dived into the ocean,
Leaving the silver moon with peaceful ray,
And in the calm, silent autumnal ev'ning,
The good, conversing party went their way.

They talked of heaven, of everlasting blessings,
Of hopes restored, of Paradise regained,
Of meetings with the dear, departed spirits,
Of home, where every one fore'er remained.

Nature was calm, its stillness only broken,
By many echoes of the rattling wheels,
By humming voices of the little party,
And measured poundings of the horse's heels.

As they advanced, the midnight hour came nearer,
The homesteads near the roadsides disappeared,
And when the road grew wild and solitary,
Their vehicle the gloomy forest neared.

The shadows of the tall pines fell already,
Upon the travelers, and soon they found
Themselves 'mid darkness of the lonely forest,
Where, save the night-wind, silence reigned profound.

The rolling wheels, a rattling noise producing,
Called forth reverberations strange and weird,
The silver moonbeams, trembling through the branches,
Like playing phantoms on the sand appeared.

The pious travelers meanwhile conversing,
Went slowing onward through the moonlit wood.
They felt the presence of Divine protection,
And heavenly hope kept them in peaceful mood.

But suddenly a blue faint light came gleaming,
Through the dark wood, and slowly it came near.
Onward it went, its strange blue light diffusing,
Until each object clearly did appear.

Then in the wood the sweetest voices sounded,
And heavenly anthems floated on the breeze,
Filling each nook with softly trembling echoes,
Conveying accents, breathing joy and peace.

The men were filled with awe and adoration,
For beings of the Spirit-land were near;
They drew the reins and when their carriage halted,
A band of shining Damsels did appear.

Their countenances wore a sweet expression,
Their eyes were bright, wearing a star-like glow,
Fine were their voices, and their movements graceful,
As in the air they fluttered to and fro.

The travelers looked on with dumb amazement,
Watching the movements of the airy band,
But when they gazed upon the ghostly beings,
The Damsels fair went back to spirit land.

Slowly the light decreased as they retreated,
To the lone gloomy forest, whence they came.
At last, the faint light vanished in the distance,
And the bright moonbeams did appear the same.

Whence did those beings come, those shining Damsels?
Were they God's angels, messengers of truth and peace
Or spirits of the good and dear departed,
Who were enjoying heavenly rest and ease?

Thus did the pastor and his good friends ponder.
When the black forest did appear again,
They could not tell, but surely no bad spirits,
Would hover near a band of Christian men.

The pious pastor and his good companions
Reached finally their city, late at night.
They told a strange occurrence to their neighbors,
Of singing Damsels, clad in robes of light.

And since that day the story stands conspicuous,
Among the rustic, legendary lore,
And the old forest, without fame and title,
Henceforth the name of Damsel-forest wore.

And to this day, when moonbeams gently tremble
Among the boughs, in many a silent night,
A sweet faint music through the woods is sounding,
And o'er the pine trees hovers a blue light.

HERWIJNEN'S TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER STORM JULY 5TH, 1897.

"See there, my son, Herwijnen's spire!
I like to see it there,
Nestled among the foliage,
'Mid Gueldre's ridges fair.
There has thy father preached the Word,
For many a yèar, my son,
But lately he has heard a voice,
That says thy work is done."

Thus spoke the pastor to his boy,
That stood there by his side,
His small companion on his walks,
His love, his hope, his pride.

The boy said nothing but he pressed
More firmly father's hand,
And for a while, thoughtfully both
Looked o'er the fairy land.

Next Sabbath dawned; a glorious day
Smiled over vale and hill,
The scent of flower and blooming tree
The atmosphere did fill.
The turtle on the branches coed,
The nightingale yet sung,
And on the grass-blades drops of dew
Like sparkling diamonds hung.
Over the hills the world to greet,
With smiles, the blushing sun
Rose stately and the holy day
Soon had its work begun.
From tower and turret all around,
That marked a sacred place,
The Sabbath bells with merry peals,
Announced the hour of grace.
And soon, heeding the sacred call,
Came forth from simple cot
And castle-gate an anxious throng,
Bound for the same sweet spot,
Herwijnen's church. God's sacred courts
Many desired to reach,
Where once more God's ambassador,
The Word of Life would preach.
And oh! he preached the Word that day,
Better than e'er before,
And in the afternoon there were
To worship many more.

Meanwhile the fierce rays of the sun
Had filled the world with heat;
The air was sultry, hotter still,
The earth beneath one's feet.
No breeze did stir, a smoky haze
O'er hill and valley hung,
The plants stood drooping everywhere,
No birds on branches sung.
But totally unmindful of
The sultry atmosphere,
The minister spoke in his place,
And people him did hear.
His word was God's, it came from heart,
And to the heart it went,
The people felt—the Lord is near,
And this man he has sent.

Clouds now did gather in the sky,
And dark the day did grow,
And in the distance could be heard,
The thunder muttering low.
Still darker grew the clouded sky,
And deeper grew the gloom
That fell about the worshippers,
In the old audience room.
The wind now rose—the lightning flashed,
The maddened thunder roared,
The hail shattered the window panes,
And rain in torrents poured.
Louder the tempest roared and shrieked,
Darker yet grew the day,
And louder too the preacher's voice,
Who had still more to say.
The trumpet of old Sinai
Was here, he felt its power,
But sweeter now the music grew,
Of Gospel 'mid the shower,
God's rectitude and love he saw.

Heaven and the place of doom,
And to the light and love of God
Sinners he called from gloom.
His eye of faith saw visions fair,
Of heaven, like John of old,
Oh, could the Shepherd with his flock,
Now enter yonder fold.

There came a sudden flash—a crash,
The solid structure trembled,
Affecting eye and ear of all
There in the church assembled.
No word was said—awe struck were all,
The pastor too ceased speaking—

. . . . . .

A flash—the shattered sounding-board,
The ruined pulpit—shrieking—
"Where is he? Oh! Oh!" said the crowd—
The pastor lay prostrated,
The lightning flash had done the work:
God's servant was translated.

Years afterward, the boy a man,
The hill once more ascended.
He saw from there Herwijnen's spire,
Where father's life had ended.
Tears gathered in his eyes, but no,
From there to heaven he started,
With chariots and steeds of fire,
He gloriously departed.

Blessed be the man, to duty true,
'Mid tranquil scenes and thunder,
Who goes when God calls him from here
To better worlds up yonder.

AUTUMNAL SOLITUDE.

The autumn paints in red and gold
The hill tops and the arborous vales.
How solemn is this woodland scene,
Where stillness everywhere prevails!

I sit beneath the golden boughs
And listen to the murmuring stream,
To nuts that in the distant fall,
To jays that in the branches scream.

Look here, the leaves are whirling by,
The playthings of the sportive breeze,
Hark there, the black-birds loud converse,
Who congregate in yonder trees.

The far off woodcock beats his drum,
Woodpeckers climb their prey to seek
And here the duck the water cleaves,
Skimming the surface with his beak.

And here by me, in modest mien,
The aster stands and golden rod.
In nature's name they say, farewell,
When in the passing breeze they nod.

How sweet it is to rove alone
Now through the woods dressed gorgeously
And in the still and hazy day
To think, to breath, to hear and see.

Welcome those pensive solitudes,
Those hills, those vales, those woods and streams
Where nature on a golden couch
Is wrapped in sweet and peaceful dreams.

May thus my life end beautiful,
To wing away to Spring above
Leaving the cold, dead scene behind
Like yonder immigrating dove.

It's Christmas Day.

It's Christmas day, it's Christmas day!
My little ones cry out,
And on the early morning air
Rings out their happy shout.
I heard good Santa Claus, says one,
I too, the others add,
And with a loud and boisterous laugh
They tumble out of bed.
Come on, they say, come let us see
What Santa Claus has done!
And in a corner of the house
They have their search begun.
Yes, yes, they say, he has been here,
Look there—for pity's sake—
The stockings stuffed with everything,
With nuts, candy and cake.
They take the treasure and proceed
To search each room and nook.
I hear a shout again: "Oh more—
Two dolls, a sled, a book!"
And now, the happy day's set in—
They smile, their eyes are bright,
They sing, they talk the live long day
Until late in the night.

Sweet childhood's happy time I say,
How dear you are to me!
In all your innocence and joys,
My former self I see.
I too, had once my Christmas day;
St. Nicholas came to me,
And in my little soul there was
Like in yours song and glee.
But ah! all this has passed away,
The morning songs are hushed,

And vanished has the lovely light
Which then my life's cloud flushed.
My Santa Claus, my lovely friend,
Alas died long ago!
And oh! I do remember well
How heavy was the blow.
One day, before sweet Christmas time,
Our teacher said: "My boys,
Be men, there is no Santa Claus."
Ah, how it spoiled my joys!
And since that time I have found out
That on life's current borne,
Each lovely scene recedes, recedes,
Leaving us lone, forlorn.
Ah! what was man if not beyond
A real day did gleam,
With scenes, more wonderful and sweet,
Then those of childhood's dream?

Britton, Mich., Jan. 4, '94.

A CROSS-BEAM AND THE POLE.

A heavy stroke, another one,
Which stirs the morning air,
Another Cross-beam to the Pole
The talking wires to bear.
I like to see that Cross-beam there
Yes much it signifies:
More progress, unity and peace
Blessings, beneath the skies.
A pole, a cross-beam and few wires
The world to move and mold.
Poor dupes; my ancestor would say,
Would smile, when this was told.

A pole a cross-beam and a few wires,
Draw near, living and dead.
And see progress and happiness
By pole and cross-beam spread.

. . . . . .

A heavy stroke and a few more
Which stirs the noon-tide air,
A cross-beam to the pole is nailed
The Nazarene to bear.
He hangs—his hands nailed to the beam
And to the pole his feet,
The would-be King of Israel
A certain doom to meet.
"Come down now, Saviour, free thyself,
Thou mighty, powerful King.
Aha! a dead King on the Cross."
Thus Jewish sarcasms ring.
He bows his head, the cord is snapped,
They shout, "A cold dead King,
Upon a Solitary Cross,
A disconnected thing!"

A heavy stroke, a multitude
Stir everywhere the air.
They nail the cross-beams to the pole
The talking wires to bear.
No more a Solitary Cross,
A disconnected thing,
The broken wire restored proclaims
"Jesus the living King."

O'er Calvary's beam they stretch the wires
That have in God their start,
Promoting peace and happiness
Uniting heart with heart.

How Old are You?

When a man counts fifteen summers
He begins to feel to be,
When he's twenty-five he glories,
For the vigorous man is he.

When he's thirty-five he pauses.
"Youth has fled," he will complain;
But at forty-five he rises
And assumes his youth again.

When his sixty years are numbered,
He feels years are out of joint,
And when others speak of ages
He is silent on the point.

When the three-score lie behind him
With ten added to his years,
He will say, the topic changing,
"Yes, I'm well along in years."

Better was it if we always,
Would own up yes, we are old;
We would use the flying moments
As we used the precious gold.

Britton, Mich.

The Soldier's Rest.

The battle cry, the bugle note, the roar
Of cannon and of musketry are o'er;
The victory shout; the moaning of the dead
Are hushed forever o'er the soldier's bed.

Let him have rest. Let breezes tiptoe go,
When o'er his grave they wander to and fro.
Let birds alight at eve on noiseless wing,
The lullaby, in tunes subdued, to sing.

Let dews remain to shed a silent tear
When friends long dead, no more to him draw near.
And let the stars, immortal in the sky,
Watch o'er his dust with never closing eye.

So let him rest, sleep sweet beneath the sod,
Until his dust also has gone to God,
Until he hears the bugle note once more,
That calls for grand review on othe shore.

IN AN. ALBUM.

Three graces lead the way,
Hope, Faith and Charity.
Keep this sweet company,
And thou shalt Heaven see.

MARCH AND FRIENDSHIP.

Behold, the wild, gray clouds of March
Again rush madly o'er my head,
And the cold blast, with hail and snow,
Keeps back the sunny days we had.
An invalid went out too soon
Bound to inhale the air of spring
But the south wind went back again.
And northern gales did poison bring.
I trust too oft in words and smiles
Of untried friendship, in my life,
And from this foolish confidence,
I many a stormy hour derive.

On a Doorstep in Virginia.*

On the broad and manly shoulders,
Of the savior of the land
Hangs the mántle
Of Authority and Strength,
Placed there by a nation's hand.
I will guide thee, says the warrior,
Guide thee now in peace my land,
But forgive me,
That first to a greater duty
This my heart has to attend.

Go! say fathers, mothers, children,
Go! good heart, our hearts are thine,
Go and kiss her!
Kiss her to thy heart's content.

On a doorstep in Virginia,
Stand the mother and the son,
Thoughtful, silent,
He, his greatest work commencing,
She, her life's task nearly done;
'Tis a sad and solemn moment,—
Ah! the two have now to part,
And for aye,
Oh! to leave her, oh! to leave him,
What a pain to each one's heart!

"Mother," says he, "let me go now,
Soon I will return to thee,
A few months yet--
And my duties are fulfilled,
Then again I'll be with thee."

"Thou no more shall see me," says she.
"Age and sickness tells me so,
But I'm ready.
Better things await me yonder.

*See note.

Heaven may bless thee, dear son go !"
And upon the head of Georgie
Rests the aged, withered hand ;
He is weeping,
Yea, the great man's frame is trembling
Which an army could withstand.

"Farewell," says he, "farewell," says she,
One fond kiss—one long embrace—
One hand pressure—
And the son the mother leaves
Here no more to see her face.

In her hand a present left her
And she holds it to her heart,
And she mutters,
"Lord oh bless him ! Lord oh keep him,
Let Thy hand-maid now depart !"

In the same year, 'twas in August,
A kind friend knocked at her door,
And He led her
As she wished it, from her prison
To a home on better shore ;
And he called a few years later,
On a bleak December day
On her son,
And He led him to his mother,
Not to leave now, but to stay.

On the page of Fame recorded,
Stands the name of Washington,
Peerless, grand,
As a warrior, man and statesman,
What he did was nobly done.

But on that Virginian doorstep,
As a mother's loving son,
Humble, true,
Weeping in her last embrace,
There his noblest work was done.

Britton, Mich., Oct. 23, '93.

THOUGHTS IN A MENAGERIE.

THE CAPTIVE LION.

"Know thyself."—Temple of Delphi.

Noble monarch of the Forest, pardon me that I look at thee—that I stare at thine impressive brow—thy dauntless visage.

There thou standest, captured, incarcerated, checked forever in thy career.

Because thou art a Lion, an imposing, majestic creature, man has ensnared thee—because thou art a Lion, all look at thee with amazement.

Yes, King of the Forest, thou wert once, there far away in Africa's jungles (the soul beautiful of that interesting country) where sweet nature revels in luxuries endowed with Eternal Youth.

But ah! how has thy glory vanished, now outraged by the vulgar stare of little man!

Thou art in the clutches of the enemies now and hopelessly so, for who shall break these iron bars for thee, or crush these solid walls!

A captive Lion, what is he? The crowd makes sport of thee and even a little child dares to take hold of the plume of thy tail, hanging down thy cage.

But thou risest to thy feet and stretching out thy limbs, thy majestic figure stands complete before me.

Humiliated Monarch, let me compliment thee. Thou art a Lion still, thine eyes yet flashing fire, thy firmly set lips yet bespeaking calm resolution and fearlessness, thy countenance and bearing yet revealing thy self confidence and courage. No wonder. God made thee a distinct work of his hands and no one can change that.

Captive Lion let me not forget thee, thou hast revealed a great truth. Let me take mine inspiration from thee! Thou sayest:

"Man be original, have individuality, feel thy worth!"

Every man is a Lion, has a spark of Divinity in him, noble, beautiful and grand.

Cultivate it and show it in thine independence, dignity and courage.

It will make-thee invincible, overawing thine enemies, though they may have succeeded in heaping insults upon thy head and leave to thyself, in thy seclusion, a sweet Valclusa Fountain, from which to draw continually the delicious Nectar of Life."

SELF-ESTEEM.

On solitary mountain slopes,
The blooming Cactus grows,
Though on the isolated plant,
No man his care bestows.
You place it in a park,
Or on the level plains,
It grows and blooms unchanged,
Its features it retains.
Where Providence may please to plant us,
In life obscure, or fame may crown us,
May virtue everywhere attend us,
And vain pretension ne'er confound us.
And when a cruel hand might venture,
To crush our virtue or our name,
Let such a villiany not prosper,
But the assailant's rude hands maim.
Let such bad hearts at once feel keenly,
That we, though with some flowers adorned,
Also possess the leaves beside them,
Which not in vain are sharply thorned.

THE MOULDERING TRUNK.

ELEGY IN A RUINED MICHIGAN FOREST.

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted." Ps. civ. 16.

Say, stroller, halt and do not pass me by,
When mould'ring here in my lone grave I lie.
Give me a thought, when all the creatures sing
Of life, and love in this awakening spring.
A mould'ring heap, a shapeless mass am I,
Abandoned and repulsive to the eye;
But pray draw near, for traces here you see,
Showing that once I was a glorious tree.
A glorious tree, for such a thing was I,
Lifting my head with pride to the blue sky,
Growing in strength, as ages passed along,
My youth renewed each spring 'mid flowers and song.
How grand I felt, how happy in my sphere,
When with my countless fellows I stood here,
Our arms entwined and leaning on my breast,
The tender vine to bless me in her rest.
What lovely sounds and sights each day we brought,
What splendor each succeeding season wrought,
How smiled the heavens, the flow'ry earth below,
The rising sun, the distant evening glow.
How proud stood I in spring's new garment dressed,
By perfumed breezes from the south caressed,
When from the earth the sweetest incense rose
And warbling birds with me their dwelling chose.
When summer clouds by wind and lightning led,
Poured down their blessings on my stately head,
How danced the streams, how leaped the beasts with glee,
What splendid lustre to my cloak gave thee!
How sung the winds when in my stately hall,
In golden dress I entertained the fall,
And birds of passage seated on my limb,

Chanted to me their tender parting hymn !
When winter came, my royal guest to be,
What favors did that Lord bestow on me,
Upon my head he placed his diamonds rare,
And gave his ermine for my form to wear.
How stately walked the stag beneath my shade,
How played the wild cats in the nearby glade,
How loved the bear with cubs to roam around
My massive trunk, scratching the humid ground !
How laughed the squirrel in his own simple way,
When he had led his enemy astray,
Climbing me from behind, hid from his sight,
Eying his foiled pursuer from my height !
At midnight when the fierce wolves prowled around
How did my halls with their loud cries resound ;
Cries loud and wierd, but music to mine ear,
Assuring me that foes were not yet near.
And when sometimes in the wierd, black midnight
The tempest came the beauteous world to blight,
How firm stood I, trees leaning on my breast
To stay his progress, saving all the rest !
The red man of the forest too, loved me
And in my shade he reared his brown tepee,
Upon my branch his dark papoose he hung,
And in the wind the little child I swung.
Their council fires I saw at evening tide
And heard their tales of war, their manly pride,
Sometimes I heard their songs 'mid festive dance,
Or from afar their war-cries wild cadence.
Thus stood I there, grand, independent, free.
An honored, famed and much frequented tree.
Time hurried on, lives came and passed away,
My fellows fell and mouldered in decay,
Old streams dried up and new ones sprung to life.
The Peace-pipe ruled, the woods resounded strife,
But I remained, the woodland to adorn
Forever strong and laughed Old Time to scorn.
But ah ! at last upon the scene appeared,

A dreadful foe whom all the woodland feared,
Relentless like the lightning from the sky,
The White Man came, his weapons to apply.
How wailed the woods, how did the branches sigh,
How drooped the flowers, how wept the dreary sky.
How roared the beasts, with terror in their breasts,
How squeaked the birds dived deeper in their nests,
How leaped the stags, their eyes betokening fright,
How groaned the owls, all through the dreary night!
How startled was the Red Man everywhere,
How quick was he for conflict to prepare,
How fierce he fought, what valor he displayed,
How skillfully his tomahawk he swayed,
But ah! what power the White Man's power could stay,
What frenzied rage his lion heart dismay!
Not e'en Tecumseh with his noble band,
Could drive the bold intruder from our land.
The Red Men fled in terror from his home,
A beggar in a distant land to roam,
And soon the woods resounded with the blow
Of the keen ax, laying the Monarchs low.
How dismal was the crash that told their fall,
That did announce the same sad fate to all,
How roared the flames in the dark midnight hour,
Spreading around, the slain ones to devour.

At last a man my glorious form did see,
Mine hour had come, the deadly ax struck me,
Struck me again, struck me the hundred blow,
I staggered and my noble form fell low.

My story's told—my mouldering trunk you see.
I was left here, a useless thing to be,
Not with the fire, a victim of the worms,
Lashed by the rain, the hail and howling storms.
Ah! woodman spare the few remaining trees,
Let shoots around the hoary trunks increase,
Pray, do not act as vandals do, unwise,
Making a desert from your Paradise.

Give birds their nests, the prattling squirrels their home,
And bless the earth and let the rivulets form,
Revere God's trees, their beauties to display,
And let our Arbor Day lead on the way.

Britton, Mich., April 1, 1895.

THE WATERWHEEL.

I viewed once the revolving wheel,
Working the busy mill,
Driven by a noisy rivulet,
Which tumbled from a hill.
And on the paddle of that wheel
That streamlet did descend,
Which made these paddles to appear,
Succession without end.
Yet it appeared but only so
My wisdom was deceived,
For when the wheel had once revolved,
The same ones I perceived.

The world is a tremendous wheel,
On which the stream of time descends,
And on the motion of that stream,
The constant change on earth depends.
That which departs seems to be old,
And coming things seem new,
But we are wrong, it's only change,
Things in a different form and hue.
What might have been, or e'er will be,
We never find true novelty;
But such a thing our eyes shall see,
When time yields to eternity.

1874.

The Last Pilgrimage.

Leaning against a mould'ring trunk,
Which once the grand elm bore,
The red man of the forest stands
(Near by a murmuring shore).

The fire of youth no more does blaze
Within that red man's eye,
Which in his happy, vigorous days,
The plains and woods would spy.

His head no more wears raven locks,
That pride of manly years,
And furrowed by his toils and cares
The aged face appears.

His stature, once majestic, grand,
Which then defied the foe,
Is bent, and powerless is the hand
With which he dealt the blow.

He came from his far northern home,
Where the red cedar grows,
And where the stream Minomonee,
Along its border flows.

He came to view the hallowed ground,
Where once his dusky sires,
The brown hides of their wigwams stretched,
And burnt their council fires.

He came to muse about the place
Where his dear childhood passed,
And where his little mother once
Her sweet pappoose caressed.

He came to visit the large elm,
Which once as target served,
To try his childish bowmanship,
Which soon his fingers nerved.

He came to view the ancient oak,
In which the birds would sing,
On which his brother's cradle hung
Which in the breeze did swing.

He came to see the quiet place,
Where "Rising Star" he wooed,
Who, setting at an early hour,
No more on his heaven glowed.

He came to sit beside the stream,
In which his boys would splash,
Performing many a daring deed,
And actions somewhat rash.

He came to view the grassy spot,
Beside the murmuring stream,
Where warriors would tell their deeds
Beneath the bright moonbeam.

He came—but he has searched in vain,
And leaning on the trunk,
His head with melancholy looks,
Upon his breast has sunk.

He came on a far pilgrimage
But his sweet shrine is gone,
He came to view familiar scenes,
But his old eyes see none.

Where once the Winabago ruled
There governs the white man,
Who has destroyed with ruthless hand
The land, which his had been.

Where once his father's wigwam stood,
White men have wigwams reared,
And where the council fires did gleam,
The grass has disappeared.

Where once his loving mother smiled
On him, her sweet pappoose,
There turns the happy white squaw now,
Her little pappoose loose.

The oak on which the cradle hung
Beneath whose shade he walked,
Has disappeared, with trunk and branch
By white men tomahawked.

The elm which once a target served,
Bold hands have hewn away,
And the old trunk, on which he leans,
Is mould'ring with decay.

Upon the place where "Rising Star"
Her loving beams displayed,
No more her little wigwam stands,
Beneath the forest shade.

The rushing stream in which his boys
Would splash play and perform,
Works now the distant, grumbling mill,
With different course and form.

And when the soft, pale moonbeams fall,
Upon the vacant ground,
There makes above the warriors' tombs,
The wind a doleful sound.

* * * * * * *

The red man leans against the trunk,
Which once the grand elm bore,
In melancholy attitude,
And near the murm'ring shore.

His white hairs flutter in the wind,
His head droops on his breast,
Tears trickle down the sunken cheek,
His spirit feels distressed.

"Where are you all my honest sires?
Where you my glorious race?
Where are the chiefs whose words was law
Upon this conquered place?"

(Thus does the lone red man exclaim,
There, standing by the tree)
"O! leave on your great hunting grounds
Great Spirit, place for me!

"There I will build for 'Rising Star'
A wigwam strong and fair
Where white men never dare to lurk
Or chase the happy pair—"

The trembling voice has died away
The red man's eyelids close,
He reels—and falls upon the trunk
Forever in repose.

Some white men passing the old trunk
The old dead warrior found;
They buried him beneath the tree,
He rests in hallowed ground.

TRUE CULTIVATION.

Friendship will grow
On the soil of experience.
It prospers in sunshine,
But died without clouds.
Let it appear
In such atmosphere,
And I will draw near.
In the shade of that tree
We'll feel happy and free;
To that place we may flee,
When tempests we see,
A refuge for me,
And also for thee.

RESPIÇE FINEM.

"Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many a sigh."—*Longfellow.*

There is a mighty Robber
We call the *villain* Time;
He carries on his mischief
In every age and clime,

He hides his ugly features
Behind a lovely mask,
And as our friend we greet him
To help us in our task.

He says, "Sit down, my children,
I'll make you happy, great!"
And pointing out our Eden,
He leads us through the gate.

We fall asleep and revel
In dreams, delicious, sweet,
Yes, yes, we say, that's Eden
And we enjoy the Cheat.

And then the great deceiver
Opens again our eyes,
"Gone are the joys, we mutter,
Oh! miserable lies!"

Time takes away our treasures
When we are fast asleep
And on our ruined threshold
We sigh, we mourn, we weep.

Oh! man, there speaks within thee
A voice that cannot lie,
"Whatever time may promise,
Is mirage in the sky!

"Despise it and be watchful
Work, use the present hour
Look upward, look beyond this
And overcome Time's power!"

THE WEATHER-COCK—A FRAGMENT.*

BY P. A. DEGENESTET.

(Translated from the Dutch.—*Fiat voluntas*.)

"An open vehicle," she cried,
"In springtime's atmosphere!
Mother, it will promote my health,
When they will drive up here."
And May did come and with it, lo!
Some signs of better days.
(False sunshine in a cloudy sky,
Which innocents betrays.)

But she with confidence exclaimed,
"I knew God's Spring would save,
And if the sweet sun now would stay
I'd leave my musty cave."
Alas, our northern May has oft
Few sickly, sunny rays.
It's often bleak and cold and rough,
Like in November days.

Such was the case, and the north wind,
O'er the canal did blow,
And though near Pentecost, the spring
Her mild face did not show.
That caused her grief, smarting the breast
By lively hope revived,
She grew impatient, when that hope
Her confidence belied.

* See note.

For the first time despondency
Spread o'er her soul a gloom,
And on the leafless trees she stared,
With dislike, from her room,
But every morning, day by day,
Her first work was to view
The weathercock, perched on the spire,
To see which wind did blow
With supplicating, musing eye,
Her wounded heart to show.

But by that yearning for the air
The answer was the same,
The wind is north, the wind stays north,
No milder weather came.
"Look, dear," one said, "if yonder vane
Shall turn around so, thus,
The gentle, balmy breeze will blow,
Invigorating us."

Thus it was said, with flattering words,
And every morn she stood
Before her window, looking out,
Not in a smiling mood,
Tears in her eyes; shaking at last
From time to time her head,
Musing, soliloquizing, and
With vision strangly sad.

"Ah!" she would say, "the same old news,
The bird says, 'stay at home.'
Again a long, cold day I must
Pine in my gloomy dome.
How different it was last year,
How unconcerned my way,
I did not mind the north or south,
Happy the live-long day.

No, no, I never noticed you,
I rushed through weather wild.
Say, stubborn fowl there, dost thou thus
Avenge the careless child?
And dost thou all the while pretend
My jesting not to hear,
Because God will not hear my prayer,
And death is drawing near?"

And with her overwhelming grief,
Her heart throbbing with fears,
She wrung her little, white long hands,
And shed some bitter tears,
Exposing thus her inward pain,
And saying, "'T is so sweet
To live, dear friends, I'm not prepared
The hour of death to meet."

But soon she would brace up again,
Raising her palid face,
Thinking, "This stubborn conduct is,
For me out of the place."
And then, facing the lofty spire,
Her quiet she would regain,
Shaking her finger, with a threat,
"To-morrow not again!"

Alas! to-morrow in that room
The struggle was the same,
Conversing with the lofty spire,
Each gloomy day that came.
The spire would often grant a glance,
Of love and flattering word,
But ah! the vane would northward point,
Which could no peace afford.

The other day she stood again,
And thought, "The days pass by,
They look alike, and o'er me bends,
No more the summer sky.

I look for healing to the air,
The summer atmosphere,
The weather-cock derides my hope,
It points to higher sphere.

Still I should like to see once more
Before I pass away,
That God would grant his poor, shorn lamb
One sultry summer day.

I'd like to see once more the green,
On which the sun does shine,
And then, when warmer days set in,
Joy might again be mine.
"Oh! Thou Omnipotent and Love,
Lord of the clouds and winds,
Who, like my Bible teaches me,
Seasons and tempests binds,
If once, oh Lord, thy hand would turn,
That fowl there to the south,
(For Thou alone can'st do the work)
Praise would flow from my mouth."

What was transpiring in that soul,
Now glancing, watching there?
Perhaps the Lord might give a sign,
In answer to her prayer.
She woke at once, so sadly moved
By sport of Fantasy,
She viewed the sky and church and said,
"I leave my fate to Thee."

The other day a little while,
She cast glances outside,
Partly triumphant, calm and firm,
Half tired of hope and fight.
And then—no more for many days
The window shades hung low,
The rosebud waiting all the while
For health and summer glow.

But finally on a fair day
Of June, with wealth in store,
A vehicle came driving up,
And halted near her door.
And she, the charming sufferer,
Happy and well at last,
When out for a black carriage took
Her fieldward, to her rest.
A youthful man, bent down with grief,
And few friends to her dear,
Composed the little mourning band
That walked behind the bier.
Upon the weather-cock looked one,
With melancholy smile,
It sparkled in the mild, blue sky,
Face southward all the while.

PRAYER.

Be near us when our flight is low,
  And on our way life's tempests howl;
Guide us through this wild, trackless world,
  Like to its clime the soaring fowl;
Beneath us lies a deep, dark ocean,
  Whose smooth surface no one can trust.
But Lord, our wing grows often weary,
  And without strength perish we must.
Uphold us by thy magnets yonder,
  Until we reach the blooming shore,
Where birds of passage rest forever,
  To roam through perilous ways no more.

To my Classmates on their Reunion Day

IN THE EARLY SUMMER OF 1887, AT NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Old Herzog Hall, my Alma Mater,
Shall I forget thee, charming home,
And the beloved associations,
That cluster round thy graceful dome?
No, no, though years and circumstances
Drive me still farther from thy shrines,
Before me stand thy habitations
Nestled among the stately pines.
Oft in my solitary musings
I live again the old life o'er,
And in my room I sit and ponder
O'er histories and tongues of yore,
And on the door I hear a rapping.
'Come in" I say and an old friend
Enters and takes a chair beside me,
In student way an hour to spend.
We chat a while or read a story
And help each other in the strife
Paving the way o'er which to enter
The Revered Calling of this life.
I hear and see you all Companions,
Your voices, habits and your ways,
Your sparkling jokes, your hearty laughter
O'er oddities borne on the place.

I sing with you the morning anthems,
The evening song in chapel choir,
Our prayers and hymns from hearts ascending,
Like incense from an altar fire.

I hear the sweet melodious ringing,
Sounding from Rutgers hollow dome,
Ent'ring my room through open window,
Calling us from our Herzog Home.

In Suydam's pillared hall assembled,
Each in his own selected place,
We face the stately throne of learning
To listen what the Doctor says.

I stand with you on Sage Hall's pavement,
Spending an hour with Bard and Sage,
Silent Companions of the Silent
Extracting wisdom from the page.

Once more I hear old Rutgers Clango,*
Mingled with proud St. Patrick peals;†
The Sabbath call to College Chapel
Where God the way of life reveals.

And there we sit, departed Doctors
Gazing at us through golden frames,
In classic robes, worthy examples
Reading their labors in their names.

And in the midst of grave Professors,
We listen to a fine discourse,
And join the song, swelled by the organ,
That peals its notes above the doors.

With some of you again I saunter,
Mid blossoms or autumnal hues,
Where Bound Book leans against the ridges,
And Raritan its course pursues.

Beneath the stately elms we tarry
And in the hearing of the brook,
The close air of our rooms avoiding,
Drawing our wisdom from a book.

Ten years have passed; where are the students,
Who used to fill these classic halls,
Where are my friends, familiar faces,
Whom I once met about these walls?

*Rutger College Bell.
†Catholic Church.

Old Herzog Hall stands ever youthful,
Her dome still pointing to the sky,
Old Suydam on his pillar watching,
Students and Doctors passing by.

I stand and watch beside the pillars,
Where all the lofty stairs ascend.
They talk but pass me without notice—
I am a stranger in the land.

* * * * * * * *

Ten years have passed and now a stranger
By Suydam's collonade I stand,
Again old Rutger's bell is swinging,
And sends a note across the land.

It's busy now in Suydam's chambers,
For graduation is at hand.
And once more ready for the master,
A friendly circle shall disband.

But what is this? familiar voices?
Who are those chatting, laughing few?
What do I see? Are these the features
Of classmates whom I once here knew?

I watch—but am I not mistaken?—
Well, well, it's true, it is my class,
A band of pilgrims, here united
Their Alma Mater to caress!

"Welcome," I say, "welcome companions,
Welcome young soldiers of the cross,
United round one glorious banner,
We stand without a serious loss."

True, work was hard, the conflict bitter,
Our prospects have been often dark,
But still we live and through God's mercy,
We will press onward to the mark.

Around old Hudson's lovely waters
That charming stream of world-wide fame,
Your sanctuaries dot the hillsides,
Where you proclaim the Master's name.

I'm stationed near the Mississippi,
The watery highway of the west,
The rocky hills around me towering,
In which the dusky warriors rest.

My friends we've changed and surely no more,
The inexperienced youths we are,
We've learned something by social frictions,
And many a blow has left a scar.

Men now we are with better judgment,
The vitals of the present age.
Duties call here and duties yonder
Our present labors to engage.

United here we stand companions,
And in our common joys we share.
Let us live o'er the old life, fellows,
Students again, free, without care.

Shake of your burdens, weary pilgrims,
Rejoice on Alma Mater's ground,
Expand your lungs, unharnessed coursers,
Let Herzog Hall your songs resound.

'Tis well, reunion call your meeting,
Reunion of the scattered class,
But no—you pause—the word reunion
Partly your wishes does express.

Alas! it is a broken circle,
Reminding you of happier day,
When all in Herzog Hall were cloistered,
And none of you was far away.

You miss now young and sparkling Kruger
Already mould'ring in the tomb.
You miss me and a good professor
Who graced our recitation room.

May be more others are now missing,
Things are not as they used to be,
And in the years that come, united
Again a smaller class you see.

My friends, our days are onward winging,
A few more years and we are old,
A few more joys, a few more sorrows,
And our short history is told.

Reunion is a word that tempers,
The inward pain of parted hearts,
Its celebration makes us younger,
Revives the past and grief departs.

But still realities are wanting.
We look with our deluded sight
On painted, hazy panoramas,
Put up in artifical light.

Not we, the souls of the departed,
Enjoy reunion in their spheres,
Whose sails have vanished from our vision
Beyond the horizon of the years.

My friends our earthly ways have parted,
Each one of us must take his course
One day we'll have reunion truly,
When landed on immortal shores.

Farewell, my friends in Christ united,
Our Lord will surely keep us all,
And by that loving Herzog guided
We erelong meet in Herzog Hall.

I Have Crossed the Mississippi.

I have crossed the Mississippi,
Bound to see my mother's face,
And my sisters and my brother,
God be praised, I found the place.

Oh! how joyous was our meeting,
Oh! to see them all once more,
It made me feel so free, so happy,
Like a prisoner out door.

Oh! that good face of my mother,
How it cheered my soul once more,
It were the features yet that quieted
All the grief my childhood bore.

I caressed and kissed that mother
Like a child, though parent now
And three little, rosy children
Their fond love in me avow.

What a feast we had, united
Once more in that home of ours,
How we talked, laughed and narrated,
Ah! how swift they passed, those hours.

But with all that exultation,
Something sad oppressed my mind.
One was missing, my dear father,
Him at home I did not find.

No more at the door appeared he,
First of all to meet me there,
No more in the house I found him,
Seated in his old arm chair.

Yes the chords of hearts vibrated
And we could not help to sing,
Still we felt, a string was broken.
And they missed the usual ring.

Ah! there were sad alterations,
And I felt it everywhere,
In the house, the church, the country,
For my father was not there.

E'en the dog, his old companion,
Always near his master's side,
He had joined his master's rank too
For the animal had died.

Ah! I sighed, the home is broken
And this remnant too must go,
And the thought, all this must vanish,
Oh, it brought my spirit low.

In the late autumnal ev'ning
To my Father's tomb I went,
Underneath there was his body
O'er his sepulcher I bent.

Leaves were falling, autumn breezes
Whispered through the boughs and grass,
Nature, like a friend in sorrow
Sympathized in my distress.

Here I found him, who was missing
And I called his name, but he
Answered not and all was silence,
Save the wind that wept with me.

Welcome, parting 't was the same now,
Both had passed on earth for aye
But I thought of "Many Mansions"
Of new Home, Reunion, Day.

Nov. 30, 1889.

AMANDA.

It is November and the day is drawing to its close.

I am homeward bound after a ramble through the forest and the evening is dreary.

The sky is overcast with clouds and the storm holds high carnival in the forest.

Swarms of crows keep up their noisy combat in the leafless trees and when there is a lull in the storm the swollen stream pours its wild music into mine ears.

The birds are gone, the flowers are dead and the squirrels have retreated to their sequestered haunts.

Ah, wild November evening, what memories you recall, what dear associations you bring back to my mind. You make me think of that November evening years ago, the most memorable of my life, when I roamed for the last time through a forest far away which was once the Paradise of my early days.

To-night I remember my sweet-faced Amanda, that lovely star of my life, which rose so beautifully and full of promise but went down unexpectedly 'mid darkness and tempest.

My father was a gospel minister in the town where Amanda lived and her parents belonged to his parishioners. I accompanied him one day to their home and there I became acquainted with Amanda. I loved her, she loved me—I declared to her my affection, she responded in loving words.

Ah, to-night how well do I remember her sweet voice, her fascinating smile, her upright devotion to me, expressed in tender lines addressed to me when I was at school, or uttered in affectionate words, when she sat with me beneath the trees in the silent moonlit. summer eve!

What an inspiration her life was to me, with what sweet poetic fancies she filled the world around me!

What castles of life and love we used to build, ah, castles of fancy, that collapsed when touched by the hand of reality, leaving us weeping and forlorn upon our ruins.

Shall I ever forget that little package the carrier one day left in my room, sealing my doom, containing all the letters I had written to her with her explanatory note, stating that our love forever must cease!

No, she could not have written that, a soul so true, so gentle—her father had compelled her to do so—"love-making at such a tender age was a folly and carried on under cover of great misdemeanor."

That was the end of our companionship, and I wept. Ah, how her tears must have flowed! She kept my photograph, I know why—she could not forget me and to look at it now and then might solace her in her grief.

Our ways parted. Her parents sent her to a distant boarding-school, and I moved away soon afterward to a distant locality.

Weird November night, you remind me of my last pilgrimage to the haunts of my former love, the stately forests through which we so often had roamed the summer before.

I had to visit once more the scenes of my former love, meditate for a while upon the grave of my dead hope and then bid a long, long farewell to the place of my former delights.

Memorable eve, how can I ever forget you; how distressed I felt when I wandered there a solitary roamer among familiar scenes.

Yes, there were the places yet we had frequented the summer before, the bridge from which we had watched the swans in the lake, the boat in which we had rowed, her song accompanying the beat of the oars, the ancient beeches under which we had chatted, the trees in which we had cut our names. But ah, what a change! The charm of the scene had fled with her. I brushed away a tear and nature mourned with me, the wind

howled dismally among the leafless trees, the dead leaves rustled woe-betokening at my feet, the distant waterfall poured forth its melancholy strains, the withered flowers stood in drooping attitude and under black clouds the lake appeared in mourning.

I repaired to a grotto over which flowed a brook swollen by the rains and forming a cascade that moaned at my feet once music to mine ears with Amanda. "It is past," moaned the waterfall; "It is past," said the dead leaves swept along by the swollen flood; "It is past," whispered the pine tree with a sigh.

Thus I sat there sadly musing until the shadows of the evening deepened around me, but before I left, I turned my face to the wall and there in solid rock I carved Amanda's name and mine, drawing a circle around it—undivided love in eternity.

"Farewell," said I, "woods and streams, flowers and shady nooks, a long farewell to you!" and in the twilight of the evening I hastened homeward.

That very month yet I found myself in the region far, far away from the haunts of love.

New scenes, new hopes, new prospects—yes, but I never forgot Amanda and made plans to rebuild our broken hopes on the ground of new possibilities, alas! to be frustrated again.

Winter passed—I was rowing one calm spring evening on the beautiful Passaic, my thoughts again with Amanda. So we used to drift along only a year ago. I fancied her with me and enjoyed the reverie. Some one happened to come along and hand me a letter. I opened it hastily, anxious to know the news. Yes, interesting tidings, but on the other page—let me not try to describe the horror that came over me. "Amanda," it read, "is dead." It stunned me and the letter fell from my hands, a feeling of utter loneliness took possession of me and I knew that the last golden cloud of my beautiful morning had vanished forever. * * *

Years have passed, many years. I am a man now,

another man in another world. Sweet fancy's dreams are over, sober reality is upon me. But I am satisfied. After all my lines have fallen in pleasant places.

I have found rest in my own home, a dear wife sheds rays of joy upon my path and happy children cheer my way.

A wise Providence rules over all. It is well.

And Amanda, asleep in Jesus, far better for thee, landed early on heaven's peaceful shore, endowed with perennial youth, breathing an atmosphere of unchanging love.

But sainted girl, pardon me that I fondly cherish thy memory and remember thy charming presence as one of the loveliest mirages on my journey through this desert of life.

Sweet suggestion—a mirage is the reflection of some beautiful distant reality.

Lord of my life, lead me onward to that blessed realm above!

Sleep, sweet dear girl, times devastating billows
That toss us here, can harm thy soul no more.
In gentle waves with musical cadences,
They break upon thy flowery, sunlit shore.

My Flower.

BY GERTRUDE REDERUS.

Welcome, modest violet, most loved of all the flowers,
I've longed to see thee blooming beneath the shady bowers.
Thou art a little gem, emblem of love sincere,
Though blooming oft unseen and little noticed here.

Come let me lift thee tenderly and plant thee on the sod,
Where, underneath, my father sleeps, ambassador of God.
In life thou wert his favored flower, in death adorn his tomb,
Speak of a life that never dies without a shade of gloom.

I see my sainted father smile and thankful nod to me,
I hear him say, "It gives me joy your faithfulness to see."

CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

'Tis midnight and the weary rest.
Sleep will their wasted powers repair,
But ah, what specters haunt the ones,
Whose lives are eaten out with care.

Not so with you, my little ones,
This night, the fairest of the fair,
For Santa Claus the generous one,
Will soon be here with presents rare.

How gently heave your little breasts,
What smiles play round your rosy lips,
Of what great joy that tremor speaks,
That passes through your finger tips.

Where are you wandering, little ones,
Perhaps in some enchanting land,
Where sweet delights and objects fair,
Please ear and eye on every hand?

Or better still in some fair land,
Are angels singing o'er your head,
Rejoicing that in Bethlehem
Is born the Saviour in a shed.

Or has some sweet faced angel borne,
You to the place the Babe to greet?
And are you gazing on its form
So beautiful and heavenly sweet?

But no, I will not interrupt
Your happy dreams this Christmas night,
I only wish to be with you,
And have a share in your delight.

Malcom, N. Y., December, 1896.

How a Bandit Set Things in Order.

The Friesian highway man Japik Emmers* whose audacity and craftiness had become a byword among his people, had once more succeeded in eluding his pursuers and passing under the fictitious name of Occe Sjoerds, the Merchant, sojourned peacefully in the little sequestered inn "'t Wiete Hiender†" kept by widow Kalema.

The stranger, apparently a wealthy man, was of a humble and social disposition, and as he added to it the gift of telling a story in a fascinating way, of which he had a good supply on hand, it became not difficult for him to make friends among the simple people of that community.

Old Frow‡ Kalama too, soon learned to esteem him, for although a gentleman of high standing, he did not think it below him to lend her now and then a helping hand, to keep her little garden in order and to do little jobs around the house.

He was also known soon for his regular habits, for although in easy reach of the tempting fluid of Bacchus, he seldom touched it and never indulged in an overdose, happy to rely on the abundant supply of his good humor and the surplus of his vocabulary. Now and then he had to absent himself from home, for it had to be understood that he had to transact important business in the city of Leeuwarden, the truth of which was never questioned by these simple people, and when he returned, Frow Kalama could be certain of a present and the cronies who frequented the inn of a newly fabricated story.

So in the course of time Japik could congratulate him-

* Japik, Friesian form of Jacob.

† Wiete Hiender, means White House.

‡ Frow stands for Mrs.

self that he had introduced more life in the dull society and especially that he had cheered the heart of the old widow, for she had seen troublesome times, having lost her husband and children and met with other reverses of life, which had left the sad traces on her goodnatured countenance.

Japik Emmers had noticed this and it did him good, for although an outlaw who preyed upon another's possessions his victims always were the rich, preferable the oppressors, and he had kind feelings toward the poor and afflicted.

Now it occurred one day that Frow Kalama wore an extraordinary sad look and no one observed it sooner than the keen eyed Emmers. Smiles were no more seen about her lips and unless necessity prompted her, she would carefully avoid any kind of conversation.

It was evident that some secret trouble was annoying her and no one was more eager to know the cause of it than Japik, for it would not surprise him that she had found out his identity, in case of which it would be advisable to leave as soon as possible, and if it did not concern him, then he might possibly be of some service to her. But to ask her about it was for him not an easy task, for as during his lawless career the adage "mind your own business" had become the rule of his life and formed his character he did not like openly to pry into another person's secrecies.

Necessity however prompted him to deviate from his rule and as delay might mean disaster, he confronted her with the question as soon as possible.

As Frow Kalama was of a reserved disposition, she hesitated first to reveal her secret, but as Japik assured her in emphatic language of his good intentions, of which he had given ample proof during his stay with her, and as he possibly might be of service to her, she became confident and revealed to him the cause of her troubles.

It was a story of sufferings and wrongs. She told him

of the sickness and death of her husband and children together with other reverses of life, which so had crippled her resources, that she had been obliged to mortgage her little place ; that it was a heavy encumbrance, about covering the value of the estate, which was held by her pastor, who for pity's sake had loaned her the money, but unfortunately (as he said) had to ask a high percentage to keep himself from destitution, although she knew that he had valuable property and a large salary besides. As long as business flourished and many travelers stopped at the inn, she had managed to meet her payments, but since people had commenced to use the new road, which greatly had reduced the number of visitors, her income, had grown so small that she had not been able to pay up the interest for three years.

Pastor Adama had been very kind to her and so far, given her time, but now he was inexorable and the interest had to be paid in full at once, if not, foreclosure would follow, which meant sale, and would make her either a friendless wanderer or inmate of a pauper institution, either case, which she dreaded more than death. Just recently she had received a letter from him to this effect and a week from its date, toward the evening, on his return trip from the city he would stop at her house. What could she do? There was no prospect to meet her obligation and so her fate was inevitably sealed.

Japik Emmers had listened with close attention to her woeful story and indignation and pity were by turns visible on his countenance. Such a state of affairs could exist no longer. Something had to be done at once. That hypocritical preacher had to be brought to terms and that poor honest soul released from her dreadful anxieties.

But who would do it? Guilty wealth commanded respect and innocent poverty had no friends.

Could not he do it? Yes, he had the money, but as he

soon expected to leave, he would need every cent and as far as it concerned to bring the oppressor to terms he was powerless.

What could he say now to poor Frow Kalama? All he could do for the present, was to advise her to cultivate patience, not to give up hopes before the week was ended, that often just when calamity was inevitable deliverance would come, he spoke from his own experience. He was ready to add a bible quotation to it, but that would not hardly do for him—but, who could tell but the minister might have changed his mind?

But Emmers was not the man to let matters rest there; he always was an excellent schemer and a bold and skillful executor of his plans.

When he was again alone he set to thinking. Probably this or that plan would do, but no, there was always some hitch about it, which hindered it from working well.

At last, yes there he hit upon a plan and an admirable one it was too, for it would not only help out his friend but also serve as a correction for the minister.

He knew that the dominie,* late in the afternoon on the given date, would call at the widow's house and very likely therefore would not return before some time after sunset. He knew also which way he would come and that there was a lonely spot on the road, excellently adapted for a highway robbery. He saw his way clear now. He would furnish the old widow with necessary money, not only for the payment of interest but also of the mortgage, telling her that it was a present and not a loan. Then a day or two afterward, feigning to go on a journey, he would secretly steal toward that solitary spot on the road and there relieve the minister again of his ill-gotten gains.

*Ministerial title from Latin Dominus (Friesian) means Lord.

The next morning Emmers had good news for the widow.

Frow Kalama needn't worry any more, he would pay the debt she owed the minister, mortgage and all, and handing to her the bag containing the sum, bade her to be of good cheer now.

And of good cheer she was, for falling on her knees before him, she took his hands in hers, covered them with tears, and showered upon him her benedictions. The scene was too much for Emmers, for he was visibly moved, but instantly he recovered himself and whistling a tune, went out.

Two days afterward Japik left Frow Kalama's establishment, to return as he said within a month, but in reality to seek safer quarters and to make his intended attack that evening on the minister.

On the appointed time the minister made his appearance at the inn, with kind greetings as usual, and congratulating Frow Kalama for her improved appearance, for it had not escaped his notice that she had looked haggard and dejected on his previous visit.

It did not take long before he brought up the question about the finances, expecting that this time Frow Kalama surely would fail in meeting her obligations, which virtually would make him the owner of her property. But imagine his surprise when the old lady, with the dignity and independence of a queen, counted out to him not only all the interest due but enough besides to pay up the mortgage, joyfully stating that the little estate was now once more free from incumbrance. The pastor could not think where she had gotten all that money without mortgaging her property, but as he fully trusted in her honesty and had a snug sum in his pocket, he would not inquire but congratulate her with her success and give her some valuable advice for the future.

The remainder of the evening was spent agreeably, for both minister and parishoner were now in an extra

happy mood and so it happened that when the minister talked of going home, it was quite late and besides the night had grown tempestuous and dark.

Frow Kalama in consequence of it grew somewhat alarmed and tried to persuade the dominie to stay over night, or if he would go to leave the money in her custody, for it was far too dangerous to venture out with such a large sum in a night, as dark as that.

But the dominie persisted in going ; he did not mind a storm and as far as it concerned thieves they would not dare to attack a minister but in case it should occur with him, he was ready for the emergency.

As further reasoning was of no avail Frow Kalama left ff her entreaties and soon afterward the pas ℓ or mounting his horse, was off in the dark, followed by the prayers of the widow.

Meanwhile Japik had secretly stationed himself on that solitary spot by the road and was patiently waiting for the arrival of his victim. But as the evening wore away and no minister had turned up yet, Emmers began to feel uneasy and the thought occurred to him that owing to the darkness of the night the minister might have concluded to remain at the inn till morning and then he would be out of his money, which under present circumstances would be quite a calamity to him.

He waited and waited, but no sign of the minister—he listened with suspended breath, but all he heard was the moaning of the storm—he stooped down, looked toward the horizon if he could not see some one moving against the sky, but heaven was as dark as the earth. But finally as he was about to give up his enterprise, he thought he heard some unusual noise. He listened attentively, no, he could not be mistaken, it was the footfall of a horse, it came nearer and he crept cautiously toward the road, so as to have a distinct view of the object approaching, for it was quite light now. Yes, it was a man on horseback—a few seconds yet and the figure was opposite him.

Emmers keen eyes were fixed upon it ; to be sure it was the long expected minister.

To act quick now was wise policy, and Emmers seeing his way clear jumped forward, caught the horse by the bridle and firmly held it there.

"Who are you?" thundered out Emmers, addressing the man before him.

"Well—we-ll"—stammered out the figure on the horse—"I—I—am the—min—minister of——"

"Enough," interrupted Emmers. "I know you, the wolf in sheepskin, eh! But I have you and now dismount at once, if you have any respect for your life."

"I will, I will," said the minister hastily, and slipping down the horse, stood trembling before his assailant.

"And now," said Japik, "what do you have there slung over your shoulder? The bag containing the blood money of Frow Kalama, eh! Well look here, if you as a Minister dare to rob innocent poor, then I better as a bandit rob a guilty minister. Now give that bag here, it will do more good in my possession than in yours."

The dominie hesitated. "No, no," said Emmers, "no delay here, I am in perfect earnest, give that mone yor—" making a threatening move.

"Here, here," said the minister, handing over the bag, but please spare my life!"

"Your life," said Emmens, "when an armed man meets a dangerous wolf will he spare him?"

"You are quite right," said the minister, "but believe me, that I am a man."

"Could I only see it," said Emmers. "But say, wolf or man, if you will solemnly promise me here to-night, that in the future you will no more oppress the poor and innocent, I will this time let you go, with this understanding, of course, that the money remains with me and I borrow your horse to-night, which I will leave to-morrow somewhere on the road."

The minister was perfectly satisfied with the proposal. He would make that promise, he ought to have done better too.

"Well, off then at once," shouted Emmers, and off went the frightened man splashing through the mud as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Well, well," chuckled Emmers to himself, "that pays! I have benefited now a poor, good woman; I have chastised and corrected a minister and have the other pleasure, to feel that it is far better to give than to receive."

Thus saying, he mounted the horse, and was off to parts unknown.

AFTER THE STORM.

A TALE OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE WEST.

Like some lonely island in mid-ocean stood the little parsonage cottage on the extensive snow-covered plains of Minnesota. It was a small building with three little rooms, two serving for sleeping apartments, the other one for the combined purpose of sitting room, kitchen and study. It had been snowing all day and toward evening a biting cold came blowing in from the northwest.

As the evening shadows began to deepen, the wind grew gradually stronger, until about midnight a blizzard was sweeping in all its fury over the plains.

The wind moaned and shrieked dismally among the pines that surrounded the little dwelling and when there was a momentary lull in it, the howling of the hungry wolves in the distance could distinctly be heard.

Now and then it would strike the little dwelling with terrific fury, causing it to tremble on its frail foundations and making its windows rattle in their casings.

The pastor, in pensive attitude, sat by the fire and inwardly thanked God, that after his weary day's journey among his flock, he was with his dear ones

again and had the means to keep out the deadly effect of the inclement night.

He was a man of eminent abilities and a graduate of a noted eastern university which might have fitted him for a city charge, but he had preferred the West as being more congenial to his tastes and better adapted to fulfil his heart's desire, to labor among the destitute and neglected.

His parishioners were widely scattered, the nearest neighbor a mile away and besides his services in the little church at home, in which he preached at stated times, there were two other stations, twelve and sixteen miles away, where he also had his regular appointments.

The people to whom he administered were very much attached to their pastor, but being in poor circumstances could only raise a small sum for his support, which, augmented by a scanty allowance of the Board, made up his small salary of five hundred dollars.

In his difficult charge, however, he was ably assisted by his good wife, a woman of eminent abilities and large heart, who having left her comfortable and cultured surroundings, resolved to brave with the man whom she loved best in life, the hardships that presented themselves in the promotion of a cause as dear to her heart as it was to his.

During the first years of their married life she had frequently accompanied him on his missionary journeys, which especially in those northern climes, during the winter season, was an arduous task for a woman.

Often when the snow drifts were high, with a temperature of thirty below zero, and the bravest preferred to stay inside, she and her husband had managed to appear at the appointed times at the stations.

In his visitations among the sick she had neither stayed behind, causing her helping hand to be felt where his words consoled. Where people were in need, she had often given of her own small resources and through her interposition many a valuable box from

some eastern society had found its way to the poor of the parish.

Later on, when children were born to them, realizing that God crowns a woman a queen when He makes her a mother, she had governed her little realm of home with a dignity and tact belonging to the office, rearing her little ones in the fear of the Lord and causing the small income as far as possible to meet the necessary ends.

So that little home had stood there for many a year as a paradise by itself and a beacon light to direct the voyager of life to the haven of peace and rest.

But suddenly the sunshine of prosperity had vanished and a cloud of sorrow cast its melancholy shadow over it.

On a certain tempestuous day, as the good woman had been out on a visit to a distant sick friend, she had contracted a severe cold. It had developed into pneumonia and for days she had lingered between life and death. Medical skill however, supported by her vigorous constitution, had overcome the disease, and once more she was the active woman of former days.

But it was a false recovery, for the fatal germ of consumption had been left behind and despite all efforts to stay its development, it had made fatal inroads upon her health.

Of late she had felt worse and part of the time she had been obliged to take to her bed. But, she was a cheerful woman, who always discovered a bright side on the dark cloud of life and even now, as the shadows of death were already falling about her, she would hopefully speak of life and the good days that were to come.

Nevertheless the good soul was daily failing and the loving husband, notwithstanding his efforts to encourage the sufferer, saw the storm approaching that was to desolate his sweet garden of life. And so as he sat there alone that stormy winter evening, wife and children sleeping, the former perhaps dreaming of recovery and happiness which never would be her's again, brooding

over his misfortunes, there was a dreary harmony between his sad feelings and the moaning of the storm without.

Suddenly there was a slight cough in the wife's apartment; he listened, there was another one, followed by outbursts of paroxysms. But the faithful husband was already by her side, and administering to her some medicine soon succeeded in quieting down the irritation.

"Don't be alarmed John," she said, with the usual smile on her lips, "I am all right again. Say, have you not noticed that I don't cough as often as I used to? But what a dreadful storm that is, how I pity the poor who are without the comforts of life now. But the winter will soon be over. Let me see, half of February and March yet and it will be different; I know there is April yet but it is a spring month and so near May too; well, I will be patient and then soon I will get there, for no one can make me believe that I have consumption; I know its symptoms, the reason that I lately have grown worse is due to the weather. When the gentle breezes come blowing in from the balmy south, then I will be strong again and we and the children will drive out once more to that sweet spot on the murmuring stream, you know where we camped out last summer,and then we'll climb that wooded hill again, where we found those lovely flowers and had such a fine view of the surrounding country. And by that time our new house will also be ready, which will so much lighten my labors and give you a study-room at last, for certainly the Board will not decline an application for a thing as necessary as this.

"Housekeeping will then but begin, for the children will then have a place where to play during a rainy day and I need not pick up things as often as I do now. I can make things then also look a little more tidy inside, as there will be abundant place where to store the household effects. And we will be better situated to

receive people too, which will add to the prosperity of the church.

"No, I am not tired of life as long as there is so much in it yet to charm me. This lower room of the Father's great mansion, contains also much to make His children happy; there are you and the children, the church and God's beautiful nature, oh, how I love them all! Besides, there is so much work for me to do yet. No, my time has not yet come and next spring I will be on my post again.

"But husband, I better stop now for I feel somewhat tired, my natural enthusiasm has done it again, but I will be on my guard next time. Well, cheer up now and retire!" And the minister obeyed, feeling much better now too, for such a voice could quell the inward storm, such a love and hope dispel the darkness of the soul.

That night was the last blizzard of the season and milder weather set in. During the night there were light frosts, but comparatively warm weather prevailed during the day. A short season of rain followed and ere long Mother Earth released from the bonds of snow and ice, showed once more her friendly countenance ready to shower new blessings upon man and beast.

And the poor sufferer in the parsonage too had changed for the better, she coughed less, the hectic fever left her and soon she recovered so far as to be able to attend again to the lighter duties of the household. She had even ventured out already and as it had done her good, it was agreed upon that as soon as a mild day would come, her husband would drive her out with the children to a distant parishioner. That long looked-for day had come at last and husband, wife and children, all in a happy mood, were soon seen speeding over the plains, the dashing horses even sharing in the fun, for a fine day it was, as fine as April could have it, a May-like day, with a warm sun of purple, hazy distances of hills and woods. But it was a treacherous day too, for hardly had

noon passed when the wind suddenly shifted from the south to the northwest. Gradually the sky became overcast with clouds and the weather grew cold and bleak. The minister and his wife by this time (so hospitably entertained by their friends), cast anxious looks outside and with grave apprehensions watched the changing scene out doors.

They could not enjoy themselves any longer now, and so it was resolved, fearing that the weather might become more inclement toward nightfall, to return early in the afternoon.

And so the little party that had started out so pleasantly in the morning, returned rather sadly that afternoon and hardly a word was spoken on the way, the baby even appearing in a dejected mood, for as close as possible she nestled to the protecting form of her mamma

The swift horses, however, conveyed them soon to their longed-for destination and although all felt the chilling effect of the weather and gathered around the warm stove, the unpleasant experiences of the day were soon forgotten and gloomy forebodings cast to the winds.

. . . . . .

At last spring in all its glory and beauty had come. Again the flowers bloomed in the meadows and the forests stood arrayed in the light green apparel of the season.

The air was redolent with the odors of blooming trees and the streams in the valleys murmured forth their musical tunes.

Early in the morning the crowing of the prairie cocks filled the air with sweet echoes and at eve the notes of the robin broke the forest stillness. Far away in the ravines the woodpecker hammered away all day and the plaintive voice of the turtle mingled with the songs of the blackbirds in the trees near the marsh.

But there was a funeral at the parsonage, for the good minister's wife had died.

The treacherous April afternoon had done the fatal work and she, who had hoped to see herself restored to health and vigor in spring, had just then her flower nipped by the cold hand of death.

Friends had come from far off and near by to follow the good woman to her final resting place, who, as an administering angel, had followed so many to lighten the burdens of their lives. There were tributes of flowers at the grave but more tributes of genuine tears. The officiating minister spoke in eloquent terms of the virtues of the deceased and most appropriately had chosen for his text, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in heaven."

At the head of the grave, in melancholy attitude, stood the bereaved husband with his four motherless children around him, with tearful eyes following the coffin as it was lowered into the grave.

As the first shovel of earth fell upon the lid of the box containing the coffin, a wagon came slowly wheeling by, loaded with lumber for the new parsonage. The minister looked up and there were fresh tears in his eyes for he thought of that last stormy winter night, when his wife had spoken so hopefully of recovery.

Spring had come at last and the new house was to be built now, but where was she?

In that dark, narrow dwelling at his feet, forever shut —but happily his thoughts took another direction, and he saw his glorified wife in the roomy mansions of heaven, where the storms are hushed forever and the rivers of life incessantly flow.

Those are the great, the simple, the true hearted,
Who for to help their Fellow Creatures came,
Whether they sink to rest to be forgotten,
Or leave their records on the scroll of Fame.

Malcom, N. Y.

FLORAL OFFERINGS.

"Tout a fait."

Again it is commencement day,
The bell rings from the hollow dome,
Calling the graduating class,
For the last time, to school from home,

Again we see sweet childhood pass
Into a grave maturity,
And youths with lore and wisdom stored,
Facing a veiled futurity.

The graduate has stood the test,
And wears the expression of a sage,
And with an independent air,
Triumphantly he mounts the stage.

The scholars show their eloquence,
And relatives and friends applaud,
And parents see their labors crowned,
And inwardly they thank their God.

A maiden in deep mourning dressed,
Steps to the front, with modest bow.
She scans the audience and sighs,
A sad expression on her brow.

"The flower fades but blooms again,"
Her subject has her soul inspired;
There is a pathos in her words,
The short oration is admired.

Her friends her simple words applaud,
And floral offerings abound,
She takes the emblems of esteem,
But mournfully she looks around.

In vain her eyes look for the *one*,
Who by his labors, love and care,
Had furnished her the means, that she
For life's hard struggles could prepare.

He is not there, the truest friend,
Who more than friends longed for this hour.
Dear father, whom the child would bless
Lies in the dust, 'neath yonder bower.

The maiden does appreciate
Congratulations of her friends,
Yet o'er their floral offerings
With melancholy face she bends.

Can she enjoy the honors, which
She feels, belongs to father dear?
Ah! he is gone, is gone for aye,
And on the flowers there falls a tear.

. . . . . .

Beside her father's hallowed dust,
In solitude the maiden stands,
With features which betoken grief,
Her flowery offerings in her hands.

"Accept these tributes of thy child,
For all thy care and love," she says.
She sheds a tear and bending low,
Her honors on his grave she lays.

A DECEMBER STORM.

Weird winds, with an almighty sway,
Ye through this valley sweep,
And when your wings the branches touch,
The frightened forests weep!
Loud is thy music, mighty storm!
Wild thy triumphant strain,
The large woods quake beneath thy feet,
And trees are wild with pain,
Yet as a mighty company,
O forest trees, ye stand,
To face the progress of the storm,
Your stronghold to defend!

But thou, lone, helpless willow, art
Exposed on every side,
Without a friend to lean upon,
Or place thy head to hide!
Thy branches, shaking too and fro,
Squeak in the raving storm,
Stripped of their vernal summer-garb,
Deprived of grace and form.

. . . . . .

Like thou, O solitary tree!
Helpless and lone I face
The fierce winds of adversity,
That sweep down on my place.
Oh! could I find a faithful heart,
In whom I could confide,
I would not mind those enemies,
Who now my power deride.
Tossed up and down by heavy gales,
On this deserted sea,
With rudder gone, and compass lost,
Where is a haven for me?

The waves dash high, and darker still,
The black horizon grows,
And fiercer than in days gone by,
Distress upon me blows.

. . . . . .

Oh! Mighty Hand, that once could save,
A small endangered crew,
When o'er the waves of Galilee,
The weird winds fiercely blew,
Into Thy hands I too commit,
My spirit bending down,
Avert the sad catastrophe,
Lord, by a single frown!

TO THE MEMORY OF DOMINE SHARPLEY.

When hast'ning through this life of ours,
The countless travellers pass by
And we forget them as they pass
Like empty cloudlets on the sky.

But there are those whose passing glance
Whose single word, whose kindly smile
Leaves an impression on our souls
Which travels with us all the while.

Only a glance, a word, a smile,
I caught of him when passing by.
It did me good, it soothed my heart
God bless the dear, good man thought I.

I watched him as he travelled on,
A cloud spread shadow on his way;
Back came the light, but gone was he
"The Domine is dead," they say.

No, no, I say, look higher, there
Beyond the clouds I see him soar,
Farewell dear, Brother, fare thee well,
Enjoy thy rest on heavenly shore.

Coming and Going.

Oh! that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest,
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven
To flee away and be at rest.—*Byron.*

I.

New homes we seek,
Old homes we leave,
Between the two
Our lives we weave.

II.

New homes are strange,
Old sites are homes,
Between the two
Each mortal roams.

III.

Old home has seen
More storms than light,
New, stormless home,
Is not so bright.

IV.

Old homes decay,
New homes are strong,
But for the old,
We often long.

V.

Old homes we leave,
New homes we choose;
In one of them
Our lives we lose.

VI.

To meet, to change,
Is mortal's way,
We love to go,
We love to stay.

VII.

This home we leave,
Yon home we meet
And in that home,
Will rest our feet.

VIII.

When we are home,
Where we must stay,
May we not wish
To go away.

ROSA (Roosje).*

A TRANSLATION.

There was in Zealand once a man,
A lovely child had he,
Beloved by everyone as e'er
A child beloved could be.

The man, as natural would be,
Felt proud about such wealth,
The more so, as his wife had died,
Whose loss he deeply felt.

How oft he lifted Rosa up,
With sighs that heaved his breast,
Her little red cheeks glowing then,
By fervent kisses pressed!

Then said the good and tender man,
"Your mother is no more."
"Oh yes," said then the little one,
"By God on yonder shore."

"One time you told me so yourself,
But—what for did she go?
She loved me not as well as you,
For she left us below."

The Father did not say a word,
But kissed the little one.
And when he did so, o'er his face
A stream of tears did run.

That little girl erelong grew up,
Her village pride was she,
And not a Father but he hoped
His son's bride her to see.

*See note below.

How beautiful that sweet girl was,
  Her figure, what a sight,
How gentle, full of life was she,
  How virtuous and polite!

As friendly as the lovely moon,
  Emerging from the sea,
Or shining on the pallid dunes,
  So amiable was she.

Her lovely eyes were hazel-brown,
  Not fiery, dreamy, mild,
And like the friendly morning-glow,
  So she looked, when she smiled.

Sometimes when she with Zealand's youth
  Went sporting on the strand,
Then she discovered everywhere,
  Her name traced in the sand.

No young man, but he worshipped her,
  And counted her to be,
The fairest flower of all the ones,
  In Zealand he did see.

In Zealand, on the sandy beach
  There lives a small round fish,
Which furnishes for rich and poor
  The choicest Zealand's dish.

In summer, when the south wind comes
  With little waves to play
Or cooling off the farmer's brow,
  During the sultry day.

Then youth goes out with spade and plow,
  To the broad, level strand,
And with a happy, sportive mood
  They plow the yielding sand.

Then in the open furrows grasps,
A clever hand the fish.
And often is the quickest hand
Too slow for such a fish.

Youth meanwhile romps and loudly sports,
And in the brine does play,
Which foams and reaches ear and mouth,
In showers of drops and spray.

A young man of a maid takes hold,
And bears her off to sea,
She calls and struggles, but in vain
He bears her off to sea.

One time, on a fair summer day,
The flower of Youth went out
With spade and plow toward the strand
'Mid song and happy shout.

And gentle Rosa was there too,
And every swain forgot,
His plow and fish when for a while
By Rosa's side he trod.

A young man, whom she loved the best,
Was with her all the while,
He uttered words of love, and she,
Looked at him with a smile.

Now does he press her small, soft hand,
Meanwhile a kiss he steals,
And with her blond curls round her neck,
Then playfully he deals.

The maiden laughingly steps back,
"You naughty one," says she.
"Plague now the other girls a while,
"You always bother me.

"Go to the other girls I say,
"Come, please now, let me be!"
"Say, if you do not kiss me now,
"I'll bear you off to sea!"

Thus speaks the young man; she darts off,
He after her with haste,
Both laughing and he brings her back,
His arm around her waist.

Now all the young folks call aloud
"Take Rosa to the sea!"
He snatches up the maid and runs,
Bearing her to the sea.

The stalwart youth kisses his load,
Which he so lightly bears,
And presses fondly to his heart,
The girl for whom he cares.

Meanwhile she calls and prays in vain,
He does not hear her voice,
His splashing, foaming in the brine,
Drowns every other noise.

He finally had gone so far,
That all upon the strand
With terror seized, exclaimed, "Stop now
"And come back to the strand!"

He will obey, but—there he stands—
Bewildered—what a sight!—
"Great God, help Rosa!" he exclaims,
The girl shrieks, seized with fright.

"My friends assist me, oh, I sink,
"A whirlpool pulls me down!"
She throws her hands around his neck
And with him she sinks down.

She sinks and once more turns her head
Silent, toward the strand,
Then suddenly both disappear,
Beneath the treacherous sand.

Youth as if petrified stood there,
Dumbfounded, spirits low,
Until at last from every eye,
A stream of tears did flow.

"Alas! is 't true, is Rosa dead,
"And is the sea her grave!"
Thus shrieks and moans now everyone,
The pallid dunes too rave.

The dreary incident was soon,
Proclaimed throughout the town,
The people all, the hardest e'en
Felt sad and stricken down.

Now from the strand, oft looking back,
Returned a silent throng,
With hearts, so full of feeling that
It paralyzed each tongue.

Stately the silent moon arose,
And on that awful tomb,
In which the young pair breathed their last
She shone 'mid dismal gloom.

A high wind from the sea blew in,
The billows lashed the strand,
And soon the melancholy news,
Was known throughout the land.

An Hour on the Shores of the Great River.

I stand on the banks of the majestic stream of the west. The mighty river rolls on in dignified reserve, as it has done for ages, now and then heaving a deep sigh, as its swelling current glides triumphantly over every concealed obstacle.

Old Father of the Waters, in thy deep murmurs thou tellest me an interesting story, weird histories, records of another race than ours. Father, if I could understand every word of thy sayings, I might collect stories, which would astonish the world and immortalize my name. But in vain have I been trying to do so, still, now and then I catch the meaning of thy phraseology and this I hear thee say: "I have changed and grown older but not old, though thousands of years compose my age. The beauties of youth stay with me and my strength is not abated. Although the children of men have called me Father of the Waters, I have outlived them all. Yes on these shores lived once a race, ages and ages ago, fierce and undaunted and they addressed me with the name Father. I allowed them to ride on my back and conveyed them from place to place. Sometimes however they grew aggressive, robbing me of my territory and then I swept a number of them away with a single stroke of my hand, but seeing their insignificance and their terror, I grew ashamed of myself and returned again to my rest. The Mississippi heaves a sigh, he mutters, alas! he says, these children have died long ago, Time with his stronger arms then mine has swept them away. But their memory is sacred to me and in my green mantle I have folded their silent forms and they rest forever in the bosom of him, whom they called father." . . .

"Yes, Father, I sympathize with thee in thy bereavement, but cheer up, forget thy sorrows, thou art not alone.

I stand by thy side, a younger child, a stronger child, a better child; lo, there they come, my brothers and sisters, they have adorned thy mantle with precious stones of villages and cities and lay their tributes at thy feet. These children shall remain with thee, care for thee in thy old age, and outlive thee, erect on thy grave a glorious mausoleum, immortalizing thy name! Father I say, cheer up, we are thy children now."

There is silence; the Mississippi answers not. I repeat my words, no response. . . . . But hark, there is a deep sigh at last and a continued murmur, growing louder and louder. What is this? Minnehaha; laughing waters? Yes the Mississippi laughs, laughs at my childish but innocent stupidity and pride. Listen again, there comes his well meant and fatherly rebuke. "What does thy boast amount to, my son, thou and thy race art mortal like all thy brothers and sisters were before thee. Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return, and erelong I fold thee also in my mantle." . . . . There is an awful silence and the river sweeps onward prouder and more powerful then ever, leaving me weeping on the graves of the Red Men. Emotion overcomes me and I feel my insignificance. I am dying; my years roll forward on a still older current, on that of time and a few days or years more and the mounds of the white race shall dot this verdant valley. Alas! what for is man born! To weep, to suffer, to disappear forever, with a smothered wish and hope for immortality! . . . . And now, once more I hear the river speak gently, fatherly, earnestly. What does the stream say? "My child, think not hard of me, the words which disappoint thee in one sense are intended for thy happiness and guidance. Immortal child I say (for such thou art) seek no everlasting life on a mortal shore, hasten thee away from this land of sepulchres."

I am somewhat relieved but cannot leave yet and now in order to lead my thoughts into another direction, I take a book and I read. I read and read on and what surprises me? This book confirms the sayings of the flow-

ing river: "Thou shalt live forever, hasten thee away;" and as I read on, joy begins to fill my heart for this book tells me also where that eternal land is situated, and oh! blessed tidings, the way thither it reveals too.

What, I exclaim in wonderment, shall man live longer then this ancient stream! . . . And I turn over a few leaves of the book and this I read: "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away—I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Who has spoken this? I ask, and an answer comes to me from the depth of the passing Mississippi: "The Father of the Father of Waters, your Father has addressed you." I look at the stream. Oh! what a change. A few moments ago it was dreary in aspect, now it reflects serenity and beauty and its waves strike up a psalm of hope and life.

Bible and nature, let me often listen to you, your language lifts me to the sky. Arise my soul, go hence! Yes, I will go, and closing my book I say, "Roll on, Father of the Waters, may my soul erelong rest in the bosom of thy Father, for then I will begin mine endless youth when thy bed must be left desolate, dried up by the fires of the last day."

THE LITTLE PATRIOT.

See here, my little four months son,
  Thy country's red striped flag.
He jumps, he yells, he tries to grasp
  The torn, star spangled rag.

My little sweet faced patriot
  Here, take the bright striped thing,
Stick to the emblem of thy land,
  And be a little king.

THE SNOWBIRDS.

Ye little piping snowbirds,
So sprightly and so gay,
Be welcome to my window,
On this bright, wintry day!

Blizzards no more are raving,
No cutting west winds blow,
Be welcome to my window
Ye lovers of the snow!

No friendly little swallow,
More twitters near my door,
Be welcome to my window,
Ye friends from other shore!

The land is lifeless, dreary,
No foliage I see,
Be welcome to my window,
And mount the naked tree!

No visitor can reach me,
The glittering snow lies high,
Be welcome to my window,
Friends, who traverse the sky!

No creatures I discover,
They feel the biting cold,
Be welcome to my window,
Ye little snowbirds bold!

The world is dead and silent,
No gay life does appear,
Be welcome to my window,
My study room to cheer!

The child abstains from sleighing,
It stays by mother's hearth,
Be welcome to my window,
Play ye and show your mirth!

The fields are white and barren.
No food, no shelter there,
Be welcome to my window
And take some of my share!

The snowbirds leave my window,
And o'er the snow they fly.
Farewell, my guests so happy,
But never pass me by!

Where are They?

(THE MISSING MEMBERS OF OLD HOME.)

"One by one life robs us of our treasures,
Nothing is our own except our Dead."
Adelaide A. Procter.

The dead are scattered far away,
Beyond the hills, the seas, the streams,
There they are wrapped in peaceful dreams,
Until the last Aurora gleams.

One lies beside the old church wall
His grave unmarked—his story told;
"He died when life's flower did unfold"
"A little child, sweet six months old."

One lies amid a whispering grove
Her grave wiped out by rain and storm
Long, long ago left by the worm,
A withered and forsaken form.

One whom we all so fondly loved
In far away New Jersey sleeps,
No one that little grave now keeps,
No one beside her sweet form weeps.

In yonder Iowa lies one,
He's fast asleep beneath a tree,
Our dear beloved sire was he,
And not his resting place I see.

Yes, scattered are these treasures now,
Beyond the hills, the streams, the sea,
But they are locked in memory,
And in my heart I keep the key.

Our Children.

"Let the Children come to Me."—*Jesus.*

My wife and I sit on the porch,
Twilight around us falling,
And in the distance we can hear,
Our merry children calling.

They tug up hill, the little group,
Tot in the rear advancing,
Three act as steeds, one drives the team,
How proudly are they prancing.

And now with laughter and with shouts,
Down hill the group comes speeding,
Forward they plunge, with reckless dash,
The steep incline not heeding.

But then there is a sudden crash,
The horses lose their footing,
The driver tumbles o'er his steeds
Followed by yells and hooting.

Old Major* too shares in the sport,
He pulls their coats and dresses,
The boys jump up and help the girls
Who shake their dusty tresses.

And now behind the house they are
The Echo there tormenting,
They call him Brownie, Santa Claus
He mockingly resenting.

Then in a circle they whirl 'round,
Their "Round a' Rosy" chanting,
With sinking voices, faces flushed
Weary at last and panting.

*Dog.

And thus it goes the life-long day
They sing and shout and tumble,
They have their sport from morn till eve
And soon forget to grumble.

I thank God for such sportive band,
So loving and so cheery,
The world feels no more dosolate,
When such beams play around me.

Sots of the age, pull up your flowers
Sneer at me, freely whistle,
I rather cultivate the rose,
And leave to you the thistle.

Malcom, N. Y., Aug., 1896.

WHERE?

I wish, I wish,
Guess what it is?

A cabin by a mountain side,
Where ever sparkling brooklets glide
And where the singing birdies stride
And where the roving winds abide,
And where by night the bright stars guide
Where nature talks on every side,
Where human passions never vied,
Where Judas Spirit never pryed,
Where truth and peace unchanged abide,
One's right to live is not denied,
There I would live and by my side,
My children and my faithful bride,
Till on me fell life's eventide
In Nature's lap my dust to hide.

The Cottage of Yore.

I loved the simple cottage,
With wall and gables gray,
My uncle's simple cottage,
Which marked the winding way.

I loved that quaint old cottage,
When I was yet a boy,
In that old humble cottage,
I found my simple joy.

I loved its large old orchard,
The thorn hedge near the gate,
The bass-tree near the window,
Spreading abroad cool shade.

My uncle, kind, good-hearted,
My aunt, who smiled on me,
My sprightly little cousin,
I often came to see.

For days I used to linger,
In that old cottage gray,
For with my little cousin,
I loved so well to play.

My uncle had a daughter,
A good, sweet child was she,
I loved his little daughter,
The little girl loved me.

We wandered through the meadows,
We climbed the verdant knoll,
We gathered little daisies,
And down hill we would roll.

We lingered in the thicket,
And found a hollow tree,
We made a fire within it,
"This is our hearth," said she.

We stayed and played the household,
Around that hollow tree,
I acted there the husband,
The wife she used to be.

My cousin kept a wagon,
I pulled it through the sand,
A fast steed, nobly dashing,
Obeying her command.

Behind my uncle's homestead,
The reedy moors we found,
The water-fowls surprising,
Which left us with a sound.

We sought the frozen surface,
Though shivering with cold,
We viewed the larger children,
The skaters swift and bold.

When wintry blasts came raving,
And window panes grew white,
We crowded near the fire-place,
Watching the embers bright.

When shadows strange, fantastic,
Danced on the cottage wall,
The stories of my uncle,
Would our attention call.

Alas! the happy faces,
Have left the cottage door,
And in the altered chambers,
Our voices sound no more.

Mine uncle sold his cottage,
We children left his home,
The little girl died early,
And far from there I roam,

Years, places, circumstances,
Shall never take me back,
But still my spirit often,
Broods fondly o'er the wreck,

TO THE WOUNDED HEARTS.

ADDRESS TO MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, E. M. COLE, AND MY SISTER AFTER THE DEATH OF THEIR CHILD, HATTIE.

The little bird of Paradise
That visited your family bowers,
Came singing for a little while,
And left again for lands of flowers.

She left before the autumn blasts,
Should nip the roses of your years;
When desolate and cheerless too,
The garden of one's life appears.

Her charm and beauty ye have felt,
But they were not to last here long,
For in man's wintry day of life
No more is heard the baby tongue.

The bird of passage spread its wings,
Ah! be resigned and let it fly
Better to see it heavenward soar,
Than o'er its ruined charms to cry.

LONGINGS.

ADDRESS TO MY FRIEND MR. A. SLEYSTER, OF PRESTON, MINNESOTA (NEAR GREENLEAFTON SPRINGS).

Could I wander once more,
And fish like before
With you on the shore
Of the river that flows
By your village.

Or list to the roar,
Of the dam as before,
Where clear waters pour,
Or rest on the banks where
The mill is.

Or again climb the hill
To hear the loud rill,
That in his sweet will
Came gamboling, dashing
Beneath us.

Or in autumn's days,
When sweet nature plays
With colors and rays
Give ear to her
Impressive pathos.

Or to stray through the wold,
Where birds stories told,
And flowers did unfold
Their beauties, in order
To please us.

Or to seek Leafton's glen,*
Where crystal streams ran,
And 'mid whose scenes then
A wonderful feeling
Did seize us.

*Cold Springs, near Greenleafton, Minn., 14 miles from Preston.

Or to stay on the spot
Where God cast your lot,
Your home with your wife
And your baby.

Where with Mrs. I.
I felt moments fly,
That fastened the tie
Of friendship, I hope will
For aye be.

Ah! exquisite past,
Why did you not last,
With pleasures the best,
Why made cruel fate
The sad changes?

But no, 'twas no fate,
That did us create,
Our course regulate,
God's wisdom and love
All arranges.

And no one can part,
The heart linked to heart,
That with God did start
The Unselfish One,
The Eternal.

So if we no more
Shall meet like before,
Then on yonder shore,
Where pleasures forever
Are vernal.

On the Anniversary of my Father's Death, May 8, 1890.

"Up, children up, the morn is bright,
Perfume is in the air,
The fields and woods are full of song,
And everything looks fair."
Thus at each lovely spring's return
My father used to speak,
Inviting us the sleepy ones,
The balmy air to seek.

Again the spring holds out her charms,
But father calls no more,
Some one called him on a spring morn
And led him from our door.
Where is he now? and where am I?
He in the Spring on high,
I in the wintry cold of earth
Beneath a cloudy sky.

My spring of life, so fair and sweet,
No more returns to me;
Beset with cares that pain the soul,
This sweet spring morn I see.

But no, I hear my father's voice,
He's speaking yet to me,
"Wake up, he says, from gloomy dreams
Come out my Spring to see."

Sweet, hopeful words, yes more they say
Than in the days of yore;
They speak of that enchanting land
Where loved ones part no more.

Unwelcome Guests.

Boreas, married to the West,
  Having unbarred his castle door,
Makes with his spouse the wedding trip,
  And landed on our wasted shore.

Now playing here their honeymoon,
  They sing, they laugh, and dance and roar,
How boisterous is this Arctic pair,
  Traversing Minnesota o'er!

Mounted upon their flying wheels,
  They sweep the blue, extensive sky,
Or, rolling o'er our hills and vales,
  They blind and choke the passers by.

The mighty forests bow their heads
  In meek submission to their sway,
And where they plant their restless feet,
  Leave desolation on their way.

They lay their hands upon the stream,
  And lo, the murm'ring brooklets die;
They draw a veil across the heavens,
  And lo, the blinding snowflakes fall.

How dreary now earth's circle grows,
  How gray, monotonous the light,
How bleak the days, so poor and short,
  How long grows now the wailing night.

To day we thought our guests were gone,
  But they have come again, and lo,
Their frolic has the climax reached,
  Of thirty-five below zero.

Go back, go back, mischievous pair,
  And feast behind your castle door;
Keep to yourselves that blinding white,
  We love the green, sweet summer wore.

Be calm my soul, for honeymoons
  Have also their appointed terms,
And on the Northwest winds are sown
  Springs fruitful, beneficial germs.

Go on, Boreas, with thy bride,
  Thy honeymoon will leave a calm,
And when the jovial hour has passed,
  Sweet spring will listen to our psalm.

EVENING SONG.

How peaceful is this valley,
How dreamy are yon hills,
How motionless the grain-fields,
How musical the rills!

How happy is this valley,
Where bees and beetles hum;
The bird upon the branches,
Carouses with his chum!

How noisy grows the valley,
Where locusts call their friends,
And crickets sing united,
A song that never ends!

How glorious grows this valley,
Beneath a crimson light,
The day ending its mission,
Proclaims the coming night!

O sweet, alluring valley,
Where men's contentions cease,
Within this sanctuary,
My spirit feels at ease!

How tranquil grows this valley,
How sweet this rest abroad,
Reclined on Nature's pavement,
The bosom of our God!

Batavia alias Transvalia.*

It is not dead, the valiant race that grappled
Successfully with Rome's imperial power,
Whose Civilis compelled the wily tyrants
To help to build Batavia's freedoms tower.

It is not dead, that valiant race that handled
So long the Spanish Python glut with blood,
Tore out its fangs, strangled to death the monster,
And flung it back upon the Southern flood.

It is not dead, the valiant race of heroes,
That for the British Lion did not care,
But forcibly struck at his paws so greedy,
And drove him back disabled to his lair.

They are not dead, the patriots that encountered,
By Albion and France and German States,
Faced boldly all, drove out the rash intruders,
Who came to beg for peace within their gates.

She is not dead, the Nation who in struggles,
For Home and God, for Liberty and Peace,
Built up her Empire in her foe's dominions,
And spread her glory over lands and seas.

It is not dead, the race that 'mid the tumult,
Of fierce revolt against the Church and State,
Taught the oppressed that Liberty is Order,
And guarded them against a dreadful fate.

It is not dead, the race that on the heavens,
Of its grand history points out,
A galaxy of Heroes, Artists, Rulers,
As great as ever any land turned out.

* See Note.

It is not dead, the glorious race that kindled
The light of Liberty upon its shore,
Spreading its rays, the tribes and nations leading,
Onward to better day the wide world o'er.

It is not dead, the race whose Freedom's charter
Gave to this grand Republic 'cross the sea,
That constitution which lifts up the masses
And tries to keep all tribes and nations free.

She is not dead, heroic old Batavia,
'T seemed only so, she rested after strife,
Enjoying peace at home in church and country,
For which she worked in all her active life.

No, no, she lives, and once more stands heroic,
Defiant in Transvalia of the South.
To stay the progress of the British Lion,
Who thunders at her gates with foaming mouth.

He could not slay her, no, he tried it often—
His paws were on her twice, three times may be,
But she escaped, the would-be ruler mocking,
Across the Vaal, entrenched in liberty.

She feared him not, old Laing's Neck saw the
struggle
When he attempted to attack her there,
She grabbed his throat and flung him down the
mountain
And he crept back disabled to his lair.

Once more he came, now like a treacherous tiger,
Around the bush of new Johannestown,
But she was there with open eyes and muscle,
Seized upon him and knocked the villain down.

. . . . . ,

Stand back, old John, and let Transvalia prosper,
Let her be free—who made thee lord of her?
Wilt thou befriend the slave and chain a nation
And bring upon thyself a dreadful slur?

Brave Boers, stand firm, the blood of Old Batavia
Flows through your veins, revive old Holland's name,
The cause for which she strove and fought so manly,
There in the North, is in your South the same,

Unfurl your flag, Brittania knows the emblem,
It means resolve and perseverance too,
And that green stripe—that you will fight and struggle
Until the promised land encircles you.

A MEDITATION IN AUTUMN.

"For all flesh is as grass and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof fadeth away. But the word of the Lord endureth forever."—*Peter.*

No one could have felt so thoroughly the gloom and desolation of a wild night than the Apostle John on the Island of Patmos.

There I see him in my imagination standing on the sand of the sea after darkness has once more settled over the watery expanse.

The mighty billows are singing their weird songs as they are rolling triumphantly over the sandy beach or in angry mood are flinging themselves against the adamantine precipices.

The heavens are dark with tempest, the roaring sea is still darker, excepting where a phosphorescent gleam here and there appears upon it, that adds desolation to the scene.

No voice of the living reaches his ear, save the screeching of the sea gull, riding the tempest, or perhaps the agonizing cry of the distant mariner, wrecked on the treacherous reef.

That corresponds with the feelings of his soul for dark and dismal is his condition.

Here he finds himself a solitary exile, on a barren island, hurried away by the hand of injustice from all that his noble soul holds most dear on earth, without any hope ever to return to the scenes of love and life.

He looks once more over the desolate scene, anxious for a ray of light, but as the night grows wilder and darker, gloom deepens within his soul.

Ah! shall he ever see heaven? Shall the kingdoms of the earth become the kingdoms of the Master?

Abandoned as he stands here by men, may the Lord not also have forsaken him?

Is it possible that the gospel shall reach all the nation of the earth, when one messenger after another is driven from the field of usefulness?

Oh! could he have only one glimpse of the many mansions promised to him by the Master, and see all the nations of the earth dwelling together in love at the end of time, how his heart would leap with joy, how it would invigorate his waning powers!

And now, as he stands there so lonely and forsaken, his eye detects a strange light, quivering among the clouds—it expands, it shoots out its rays in every direction, more beautiful in effulgence, than our most glorious Aurora Borealis. The Apostle looks on with breathless attention, for never did he behold such a grand color display.

And now gradually the rays are contracting—they assume distinct outline and form—they appear as buildings, fortresses and gates, standing out in bold and glorious relief against the tempestuous heavens.

It is a City of Light—the Apostle recognizes it— it is old Jesusalem, the dwelling place of God, the home of his soul—but renovated here and with a luminous celestial atmosphere about it.

It dazzles his eyes—the buildings of the walls of it are as Jasper and the city is as pure gold, like unto clear glass, and the foundations of the walls of the city are garnished with all manner of precious stones, with Jas-

per, Sapphire, Chalcedony, Emerald, Sardonyx, Topaz, Chrysoprasus, Jacinth and Amethyst.

The gates, too, are of wonderful color and construction, each one apparently made out of one colossal pearl. There is no temple in it, but instead of it, something so beautiful, so extraordinarily grand, that it cannot be described —it is the Lord God, the Almighty and the Lamb.

And now there comes sounding from the dark heavens a voice, that drowns the tumult of tempestuous conflict. "Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men and he will dwell with them. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." And this is said in addition to it, that the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it and that the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, because there shall be no night there and there in no wise shall enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie.

The Apostle stands there overwhelmed with wonderment and awe and once more he strains ear and eye to hear and see more of the wonderful scene.

But—this is all, for the beautiful picture vanishes as suddenly as it appeared and once more darkness is around him and the Mediterranean continues the wild cadences of his song.

But our exile is satisfied now; his future home is secured and God's Kingdom shall stand forever. The everlasting arms of his Maker are about him, "he will fear no evil, though he has to walk through the valley of the shadow of death." It is all light in his soul and he mingles his exultant strains with the music of the tempest. "Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad, let the sea roar with the fulness thereof."

Oh blessed light of Patmos Isle,
Shine round about us all the while,
For darker, wilder grows the night,
As time pursues its steady flight.

The gorgeous hues of woods around
The crickets low, monotonous sound,
The withering flowers around us tell,
A story which we know too well.

Thus die our hopes, our loves, our powers,
Nothing but loss and death are ours,
And soon o'er our sepulchral knoll,
In fall unheeded strangers stroll.

Remind us, ever exiles here,
Of yonder home, the soul's true sphere,
Then we, in autumn's red display
Greet the sweet dawn of heavenly day.

Malcolm, N. Y., Sept. 24, '96.

A HUSBAND AND FATHER'S LAMENT.

In youth's sweet, happy morning
There landed on my shore,
An angel, fair and lovely,
With happiness in store.
She spread a heaven around me,
But then there came a call.
"It is my Master's summons,"
She said and left us all.

"Remember me," she whispered,
And in my hands I hold
Four flowers of her affection,
And here my tale is told.
I take now these mementoes
And press them to my heart,
But thorns are on the roses
And they do pain impart.

In the Forest.

I sit beneath the shady bowers,
The branches closing o'er my head,
The graceful ferns beside me standing,
The dewdrops on my grassy bed.

I listen to the soft breeze's whisper
And to its intermittent sigh,
And where it roves among the poplars,
And where it shakes the leaves near by.

I hear the blue-jays lively talking,
The robins chirping in the trees,
The murmuring brooklet on the hillside,
Which whispers words of love and peace.

I love to muse 'mid forest shadows,
Where days of old come back to me,
For as a child I sought the bowers,
With nature and with God to be.

And the sweet rays of love's fair morning
Again reflect upon my way,
For in the woods I first heard warblings
Which sounded strange, but merrily.

Yea, often in the wood recesses,
When the cool evening breeze would rove,
My hand, her tender, soft hand holding,
We wandered through the silent grove.

Alas! our sun eclipsed at noontide
And howling storms disturbed our place;
It left no twilight on our heaven,
For ever dark grew life's sweet rays.

That early peace is lost forever,
Lost on the swelling flood of time;
But when I muse in the lone forest
Methinks I breathe yet in that clime.

THE PATRIOT'S FAVORITE HAUNTS.

Say, John, I've been to Switzerland,
The land with mountains high,
With tow'ring, snow capped pinacles,
Beneath a sunny sky.
I've seen and heard the cataract,
Leaping from dizzy heights,
And from a stately precipice
Feasted on lovely sights.
I've stood on Junkfrau's pearly brow,
Kingdoms before me spread,
Watching the grand and gorgeous scene
At dawn and at sunset.
I wandered on Geneva's shores,
Rich in historic lore,
And listened 'mid the solitudes,
To old Shaffhausen's roar.
I looked upon the Boden Sea,
'Mid scenes sweet and sublime,
And plucked the modest Alpine rose,
In Mount Blanc's cloudy clime.
Upon the solitary crag
I viewed from flowery vale,
The castle in its ruined state
And heard a mournful tale.
And on my journey to and fro,
Through many a foreign land,
I witnessed scenes and heard of deeds
Both beautiful and grand.
And now, I'm back again, my friend,
Yet, after all, I say,
This is the country of my choice,
And here I think to stay;

Here in this place, where I was reared,
How lovely smiles each scene,
The crystal lake, the towering rock,
The widespread valley green.
They all know me and I know them,
They knew my parents too,
And here amid their kindly smiles,
I to my manhood grew.
There stands the little country school,
I see the teacher yet
Frowning upon the older boys,
But calling me his pet.
And there I see the little church,
Where I was taught to pray,
By her, who in its hallowed shade,
To rest was laid away.
Oh! memories of school and church,
Oh! mountain, hill and dale,
Oh! voices of my native land,
Repeat, repeat the tale.
Yes here I'll live and act and love
And serve my land and God.
I have enough of foreign lands,
Of wanderings abroad,
And when at last I leave these scenes
Obeying higher will,
Bring me then to that church-yard there,
There it is calm and still,
Then stands perhaps in years to come
There by my grave a friend
And says, brushing away a tear,
I loved him to the end.

Britton, Michigan.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER, THE REV. FRANCIS REDERUS, PASTOR OF THE THIRD REFORMED CHURCH AT PELLA, IOWA. DIED MAY 8TH, 1886.

I found him weak and weary,
Bent down with grief and pain,
The thought occurred to me then
"This cannot long remain."

I found his spirit dreary,
A few good friends were near
To show sincere devotion,
Wiping away a tear.

His sight was weak and clouded,
His hand had lost its grip;
I viewed with tearful vision,
The tempest beaten ship.

I took his hand and kissed it,
His loving son once more,
Trying in vain to anchor
The wreck on mortal shore.

My father felt my presence,
His drowsy soul grew bright;
And a short conversation
Lit up that clouded sight.

His interests awak'ning
Dwelt on the present day,
And sometimes to the past too,
His talk would drift away.

I told him of my dwelling
Near Mississippi's shore,
Where high hills, green and hazy,
Sweet smiles of nature wore.

A dwelling near a hillside,
Where God with nature dwelt;
The charm of that idea,
His weary spirit felt.

"Oh! could I there," he muttered,
"Recline on nature's breast.
And have a humble mansion,
Enjoying peace and rest!

"A foot of ground and cottage,
Your mother by my side,
A faithful child to aid us
In whom we can confide.

"To lay aside my calling
Of Savior of mankind,
Which has worn out my body
'T would be peace to my mind.

"And then, to drift with calmness
Adown life's silent stream,
Toward my Father's mansion,
The end of this wild dream."

I took his hand and kissed it,
His loving son once more,
And promised him free breathing
Near Mississippi's shore.

Then on his clouded visage
I saw a smile of joy;
Hope flashed its beams upon it,
His sorrows to destroy.

Like in some wintry ev'ning,
When the sun's lessening ray
Breaks through the clouds of heaven
Bright'ning the end of day.

I left my father's bedside,
For he desired to sleep,
And soon I too, exhausted,
Sunk in a slumber deep.

Then came the golden morning
With songs of winged bands,
That woke me from my slumbers,
(For spring was in the lands)

I left my room and hastened
To greet my father's face,
Expecting him now stronger,
List'ning to nature's praise.

Alas! my ardent wishes,
My hopes had been in vain,
His life was ebbing lower,
Caused by returning pain.

His speech grew weaker, fainter,
His eyelids courted sleep,
I feared the wreck was drifting,
To unknown, dangerous deep.

I looked—his visage altered—
I heard a distant roar,
A billow came—and forward,
My father's ghost it bore.

My father has a dwelling
Remote from city roar,
From that retreat a driver
Calls for his slave no more.

His rich, kind-hearted Master,
Who knew about his grief,
Prepared for him a mansion,
To grant him great relief.

'Mid spring's fair, scenting flowers,
Beneath a dark oak tree,
A little, simple dwelling,
And foot of ground gave He.

It has no spacious chambers,
But peace and rest are there;
For from that small inclosure
Has fled for aye all care.

No power on earth can trouble
God's servant any more,
The inmate scorns intruders
For bolted is the door.

Life's storms may freely gather,
And rave about that house,
Their tumult is not able
The sleeper to arouse.

Mine eyes are looking higher,
My father's bliss I see,
Where love and truth are reigning
Throughout eternity.

I see a glorious mansion,
Upon a river shore,
'Mid hills of lasting verdure,
Where Spring blooms ever more.

No jealousy can reach it,
No foe disturb its peace,
No accident can shake it,
No sorrows or disease.

I feel relieved and easy,
His sufferings are o'er,
His home has sweeter hillside,
Than Mississippi shore.

He might have found a mansion
  Upon that lovely shore,
But peace I know could never
  Shade any mortal's door.

I leave the dear old cottage,
  Beside the black church spire;
In former days my beacon
  When my life's sea grew dire.

No more mine eyes shall meet him
  Who kept that lighthouse bright,
Its rays no more can guide me
  In other future night.

My trusty beacons vanish,
  And wider grows the sea;
Oh! Lord of sea and tempest,
  I nestle close to Thee!

May be, I'll see that spire there
  Again some future day,
Looming up in the distance
  'Mid trees and flowers of May.

And when I see it pointing,
  Faithfully to the sky,
'T will show my father's mansion
  Reared on a rock on high.

And gazing o'er the city
  Where roofs and church spires rise,
I hail the distant bowers
  Where father's body lies.

Farewell! my father's mansion
  Beneath the green oak tree,
Farewell! unshackled spirit,
  Father, I come to thee!

Time and Eternity.

Within a large and fine bazar,
I happened once to stand,
'Mid strange and curious articles,
Wrought by artistic hand.

With sounds confused, in cases fair,
Which startled ear and eye,
The clocks on exhibition stood,
Drawing the passers by.

With curious eyes I gazed upon
The noisy company,
With tardy tongue and simple words,
They told the hour to me.

I asked about their different ways,
The salesman told me all,
How many hours and days they ran,
The large ones and the small.

One night and day the small ones ran,
And many he had on hand;
Some swung the pendulum a week,
Which were in great demand.

The winding up of some he had
Each fortnight to renew,
And of such ornamental works,
He kept only a few.

But one he had, and only one,
With such a powerful spring,
That it for weeks would push the hands,
Causing the hours to ring.

I thanked the salesman for his words,
His information kind,
And left his fine establishment,
Which had enriched my mind.

II.

Within a great and fine bazar,
Once wond'ring I did stand,
'Mid strange and curious articles,
Wrought by artistic hand.
With sounds confused, and beauteous forms,
Which interests the mind
Upon the wide floor of this world,
Again clocks I did find.

The little ones, the larger ones,
The common ones, the fine,
The noisy ones, the quiet ones,
Arranged in one great line.

And when I looked with curious eyes
On this strange company,
Watching their movements, strength and power,
The maker came to me.

He told me all about his works,
Their movements and their ways,
How long each one could run its course,
Of years, of weeks and days.

And there they stood, those little ones,
With movements of an hour,
And there they were artistic ones,
With one week's running power.

And there were those running a year,
With labors wrought and care,
And others which were made to go,
For many years, though rare.

But in the corner of the shop,
A strange one did appear,
With slowly swinging pendulum,
Grinding the eightieth year.

III.

I stood within a dreary house,
'Mid melancholy gloom,
Deep silence and a musty air
Pervaded the lone room.

No daylight, but a twilight strange,
Upon the place did fall,
Revealing a chaotic scene,
A desolated hall.

I saw the large extensive floors,
With glitt'ring fragments strewn,
The remnants of artistic works,
A melancholy ruin.

So, standing there, lone and forlorn,
A shudder shook my frame,
For when I viewed the dreary hall,
A strange voice called my name.

I looked around, and lo, the man,
Who spoke to me before
About the movements of the clocks,
I gazed on in his store,

Again addressed me, but in words,
Strange to a mortal ear;
"I will explain to thee this view,
Which causes thee to fear.

"Thou standest in the self-same store,
Which pleased thine eye and ear,
In which the clock-works, small and large,
So noisy did appear.

"I wound up all my instruments,
Some hundred years ago,
And then, quitting the noisy scene,
I let each time piece go.

"The rare ones ran their months and years,
The others, weeks and days,
And one made for the eightieth year,
With slow and measured pace,

"Then silence fell upon the scene,
Soon followed by decay,
And every clock fell to the floor.
Time's miserable prey.

"The dust of years fell on the glass,
Which kept the day outside,
And twilight gleamed upon the scene,
And man forgot the site.

"Thou art my workmanship, O man,
A time-piece of my store,
And soon thy course is also run,
Like those who went before."

I wept, and when my tears did flow
I heard the nations cry,
Wailing and sobbing everywhere
Because mankind must die.

IV.

I looked upon a glorious scene,
On an Elysian shore,
Unclouded day smiled on the world,
And night appeared no more.

And rapturous scenes before me stood,
Grand, calm, forever fresh,
Filling my soul with a delight
Which words cannot express.

Such glorious things mine eyes beheld
As earth could never show,
Strange beings clad in robes of light,
Were fluttering to and fro.

And habitated was the land,
With human beings, too,
But with such wonderful fine looks,
As I on earth ne'er knew.

The loveliest children I did see,
In joyful innocence,
And perfect man and womanhood,
With classic countenance.

And age was there, with snow-white locks,
But strong and dignified;
For youthful blood was in their hearts
Which every waste supplied.

The frailties and infirmities,
Which cling to every age,
Had disappeared, and e'en a child,
Had wisdom like a sage.

No miseries or blasted hopes,
No malady I found,
No tears I saw, no groans I heard,
No melancholy sound.

No wrath was there, no enmity,
No discord and no pride,
There perfect harmony prevailed,
And sweet peace did abide.

And Death, who strikes at every heart,
Th' unconquerable foe,
Unnerved by mightier warrior,
Could here not deal one blow.

The mother here her children found,
The child a parent dear,
Husbands their wives, the wife her spouse,
The dead ones all were here.

O! wondrous land! I did exclaim,
O country, dear to me!
Let me forever here abide,
A citizen of thee!

And then the maker of the clocks
Again appeared to me,
The self-same man, but altered much,
For dressed in light was he.

Said he, "My shop restored, you see,
With clocks transformed and grand,
Whose pendulums forever swing,
Moved by eternal hand."

"Place me there too," I did exclaim,
"My Maker, for I fear
To meet the crushing arm of death,
Which erelong must appear."

"Fear not," he said, "here is thy place,
Where life I will bestow,
If faith and charity and hope,
Have guided thee below."

I asked him when my pendulum,
For the last time should swing,
That I might reach the happy land,
A bird with weary wing.

"There is thy time," he said, and then
He pointed to a tower.
I saw a dial on it and
A hand that showed the hour.

But 't was in vain for me to read
The figures, which he showed to me,
And why should I attempt to know,
The Dial of Eternity!

CROOKED PATHWAYS.

TWO IN ONE HOUSE.*

He was a man sound in his faith,
Her piety one pleased;
He to each point of dogma clung,
She was true in the least.

He bore indeed a good report
With people of his class;
She with the nectar of her love
Her house and world did bless.

He was a man in Scripture versed
The great precept *she* knew;
He was theologist profound,
She child of God and true.

Sermons he judged, and on his face
He his emotions wore,
No heresy came from his lips,
She was the silent doer.

He walked his way in gloomy mood,
She journeyed on 'mid light;
He used to wear an extra look,
No rimple dimmed her sight.

He closed and opened Heaven at will,
With arguments, short and cold;
There was a heaven within her soul
Which her expression told.

He did bewail the sinful heart,
(And very true and good);
But those who knew *her* daily walk,
Admired her generous mood.

* By author of the Weathercock, translated from the Dutch.

He had his meetings day by day,
For children and Chinese;
Meanwhile *she* her own household reared,
Conveying joy and peace.

She had her life of faith, but he
By formal creed did run,
Could here the saying be applied,
Husband and wife are one?

PRIVATE OPINION.

THE PREACHER.

An educated ministry
What nonsense say my friends,
God gives the wisdom to the man
Whom He as preacher sends.

Our man (and who talks more than he?)
Took ne'er a college course,
What do we care about the head,
The heart must be the source.

Oh! there's the mystery, I said,
The sermon which I read,
So strange, incomprehensible,
Was made without a head.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

"What time is it?" asked wicked John.
I pointed to the tower,
Where guilded hands on dial blue
Did indicate the hour.

He smiled. Said he, "Can anything
Like that thy soul beguile?
There is no clock my dear old friend
Behind that hand and dial."

"Pretension," said I, "on God's house!
You must mistaken be."
"I'm not," said he, "the thing is there
To serve as seal you see."

I said no more, I saw the point
And prayed the day to see,
When in the house of God no more
Could dwell a Pharisee.

RATHER COMPLICATED.

"Thy kingdom come," prays Mrs. Jones,
"Amen," her sisters say,
"Come let us call the little ones,
Whom Christ blest in his day."

But in the home of Mrs. Jones
No little ones were born,
And her sweet, pious lady friends
Maternity do scorn.

But still they call Him Lord, who blest
The children in his day
Who said "they are my kingdom" and,
For that kingdom they pray.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Our magistrates our servants are,
No drivers o'er a people free;
They execute the laws for us,
And over them as lords stand we.

I look upon another scene,
The servant is no longer free,
And countless masters lash his back,
Here in this land of liberty.

SURPRISE.

Not long ago I heard outside
A powerful, hollow voice,
I thought a cow had broken loose.
Making that stirring noise.

But when I looked upon the scene,
I could not help to laugh,
For that loud, penetrating voice,
Was uttered by a calf.

Did you e'er Mr. Self Praise hear,—
That personage of fame?
The name, which I would give the man,
Is calf, the young cow's name.

THE NEW PASTOR.

The minister will leave his church,
He says, "It grows too cold,"
He turns back upon the flock,
And leaves the fold.

The minister has a new church,
A fine and warm spot,
Some day
He may
Retrace his steps and say
The pot
Is hot,
Away, away!

Self-Esteem.

On solitary mountain slopes,
The blooming Cactus grows,
Though on the isolated plant,
No man his care bestows.

You place it in a park,
Or on the level plains,
It grows and blooms unchanged,
Its features it retains.

Where Providence may please to plant us,
In life obscure, or fame may crown us,
May virtue everywhere attend us,
And vain pretention ne'er confound us.

And when a cruel hand might venture,
To crush our virtue or our name,
Let such a villiany not prosper,
But the assailant's rude hands maim.

Let such bad hearts at once feel keenly,
That we though with some flowers adorned,
Also possess the leaves beside them,
Which not in vain are sharply thorned.

The Critic.

The lexicon reveals it all,
The speaker made a blunder,
He mispronounced that certain word
She tares his speech asunder.

"My gaudy parrot," says the man,
"It's right, I will do better,
But if you give me now a speech,
I will not mind a letter."

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Break down, our age of progress says,
Break down that cursed partition,
Give woman liberty at last,
Man's glorious position.

The amazon's are dealing fast,
Their blows, the walls are crumbling,
The ballot box will soon be ours,
They shout, and men are grumbling.

Don't grumble says our happy Franz
Das machs ein glorious countree,
Mine wife will drive de plow again,
Und ich stay mit de pantry.

ENTERTAINING COMPANY.

I do enjoy a genuine joke,
Which like a sparkling rivulet,
Comes forth bubbling with grace and ease,
The stroller on its banks to please.

But I detest a formal jest,
Which like a muddy stream does flow,
Without good sense and without heart
A counterfeited laugh to start.

A parson's joke came forth at last,
It had a strange and dubious sound,
Some people laughed and others wept,
I thought, "why such a gem not kept?"

I listened to his long-eared friend,
Whose noisy joke rang out one night,
I laughed, the joke came true and free,
I chose the latter's company.

Make Both Ends Meet.

Look there, that barkless tree,
How pitiful looks he,
With branches broken, bare,
And few leaves here and there.
Mischievous cow, stand back,
For thou hast caused the wreck,
Thy vermin covered hide,
Has spoiled thy country's pride.
Rub off that bark no more,
It leaves thee dirty, sore,
And murders in the end
Thy good and faithful friend ;
Be wiser and decide,
To wash thy filthy hide
And then beneath this tree.
Sweet shade will strengthen thee.

Fault finding people say,
Pursue another way,
And let your preachers rest
It's far for you the best,
Mark, they point out for ye,
The stream of Calvary ;
Which purifies the soul
And makes you happy, whole :
Try this and you shall see,
Your preacher as a tree,
Beneath whose shade is rest,
And ye and he be blest.

The Doctor and His Patient.

The famous name of Dr. Quack,
Though somewhat on the wane,
Came at a sudden to a rise,
Caused by a rustic's brain.

One day fat Mr. Simpleton,
A villager profound,
The bright philosopher of town,
Known for his judgment sound,—

Came down to have an interview
With clever Dr. Quack,
Since stomach, head, and liver were
Not on the proper track.

With measured steps he neared the house,
Ascended the broad step,
And gentlemanly gave the door
A philosophic rap.

"Step in!" exclaimed a piping voice,
The voice of Mrs. Quack,
And in stepped Mr. Simpleton,
With decorated neck.

"My name is Mr. Simpleton,
I came from city Crone,
I am a merchant of that place,
To many people known."

"Well, Mr. Simpleton, you here!
How, good friend, is your health?
Yes health is better, is it not
Than luxury and wealth?"

"Well, Mrs. Quack, I just came down
To try your husband's skill,
Because for many days and weeks,
I've felt so weak and ill."

"Too bad, my friend, that I find you
In such unhappy state,
But those who seek my husband's skill
Have never come too late."

"That's what I thought, dear Mrs. Quack,
And so don't mind the fool,
Who calls a man like Dr. Quack,
'Death's well-selected tool.'"

"That's right, my Mr. Simpleton,
But sir, please pardon me,
How long have you been suffering thus
And what's your malady?"

"Oh! Mrs. Quack, this stomach here,
Feels like a heavy weight,
And then my head when I arise
Is in a dizzy state.

"They say I take too hearty meals,
Though but two pounds of meat,
I mostly at my dinner time
With other victuals eat.

"My ankles too, cause often pain,
They tell me, it is gout,
Caused by much rich, abundant food,
Which I deny right out."

"O, never mind, my husband's art
Will end your suffering soon,
And though he is from home just now,
He will return this noon.

"He's awful busy in these days,
And hardly takes a rest,
For callers gather here each day,
From north, south, east and west.

"He never lost a patient yet,
Though hard the case may be,
And a consumptive, nearly gone,
Not long ago, healed he.

"And, what is yet the strangest thing,
Before one tells his case,
He sees your inward malady,
And tells it to your face.

"That is, you know the surest sign,
Of his ability,
And every patient finds relief—
If not too far, you see."

. . . . . .

Behind the small adjacent door,
His ear put to a crack,
And list'ning to the sweet converse,
Stands clever Dr. Quack.

"That's right," he thinks, "I've caught the bird,
That's all I want to know,
And now my precious hour has come,
My knowledge him to show.

"I'll tell him all about his health,
His stomach, head and joint,
And he will never doubt a bit,
That I have struck the point.

"I'll take my overcoat and hat,
My medicines and case,
And *out* I'll step and *in* I'll come,
With weary looks and pace."

So famous Dr. Quack appears,
A Doc' from head to feet,
With wisdom in his twinkling eye,
Good Simpleton to meet.

He walks around his house a while,
To calm his twisting nerve,
And enters then the kitchen door,
With dignified reserve.

"Good afternoon, sir! how's your health,
Have you been waiting long?
You know I had this afternoon
Some visits to prolong."

Off goes his coat, off goes his hat,
And brushing back the hair,
The noble form of Dr. Quack
Is ready for th' affair.

"Here is my office, friend," he says,
"Step in and stay awhile."
He feels his pulse, he views his tongue,
His patient to beguile.

The learned Doc' reflects a while,
And then, with face profound,
Tells trembling Mr. Simpleton:
"Your malady I've found

"Your stomach, friend, so heavy feels,
After your daily meals,
And in the morning when you rise,
Your head so dizzy feels.

"About your ankles, you feel pain,
Which often is severe,
And you are oft prevented from
In public to appear."

"Well, Dr. Quack, I am surprised,
For such is just the case,
And though I doubted somewhat first,
I say you're worth the praise."

"O, *laud*, my friend, I do not need,
Let *facts* forever speak,
And *facts* have spoken hitherto,
For my advice they seek.

"But listen to my counsel now,
When I also prepare
A bottle, full of medicines,
Your poor wreck to repair.

"Take heed now, not to use big meals,
And take a little beef,
Take half a pound, instead of two,
And this will bring relief.

"Eat never when you go to bed,
And do abstain from grease,
And you will soon be well again,
Enjoying health and ease."

"Thank you," says Mr. Simpleton,
And leaves a large reward,
And with his bottle, full of stuff,
Repairs to his resort.

He takes some scantier meals, each day,
According to th' advice,
Washing them down with Doc's surplus,
Faithfully each day thrice.

Fat Simpleton is well again
And he has raised the Doc.,
And sick, from every clime, they say
Now to his office flock.

And when the sick come home again,
They all laud Dr. Quack,
Yes puzzled, but the doctor knows,
The old door with the crack.

. . . . . .

Stupidity and wicked art,
Go often hand in hand,
Invading many an honest nook,
In our good glorious land.

They e'en come in the sacred place,
Where truth sets up his shrine,
Raising their empty phantoms there,
And earnestness declines.

Poor multitudes, with ardent zeal,
Before such idols bow,
E'en men, whose wisdom seemed profound,
Their faith in fools avow.

Ah, greatness often friendless dies,
And bombast often stays,
And genius lies often low,
While void heads get the praise.

O, truth and wisdom! come combined,
Drive out this empty shade!
Pour light upon the wretched form,
Then pseudo-fame will fade!

Then every idol will come down,
And leaving them with shame,
Man will adore reality,
To which belongs the fame.

THE RIGHT MAN.

A change each year, or two they say,
Old things grow dull and dry,
A fresh new minister must come
To lead us to the sky.

The new one, polished, without fault,
His grand work has begun;
Cast off somewhere but here renewed
Bright in the rising sun.

But fancy's day has passed again,
The night has come with storm,
He stands before his worshippers
A dark repulsive form.

The preachers come, the preachers go
Like actors of the day,
And people are amused to see
The variegating play.

They are amused, but then the heart,
Man's best part, empty stays,
That needs for beautifying growth
The "Ancient One of Days."

PRUDENCE.

Our noble thoughts expressed in words,
Meant to unseat the wicked,
May often for a palace car,
The devil give free ticket.

Know how you speak, and what you say,
That is a precious lesson,
Consider time and circumstance,
There would I lay the stress on.

The Pot and the Kettle.

A Britton to a Dutchman says,
Both orators in English,
One with the tongue of Manchester
The other with Dutch finish.

"Your brogue my friend has spoiled your speech,
But's easy to detect it,
You listen to this Phonograph,
And then you may correct it."

"I hear it," says the Dutchman, "and
I am my fault confessing,
But I am not a selfish man,
Here let us share the blessing."

NOTES.

"LITTLE MARY."—My sister Mary was an amiable child of eight and died of a violent disease when our parents were on a visit to people among whom my father had labored as a gospel minister. I was first attacked by the plague and hardly had I recovered when it took hold of her with fatal result. So suddenly the calamity came, that our parents could not return in time to be present at her burial, which according to law had to be attended to within twelve hours after death.

"ON THE DOORSTEP OF VIRGINIA."—A beautiful account of this occurrence is given by Ella Basset Washington in the *Century Magazine*, vol. 43, April, 1892.

"THE WEATHER-COCK."—(Haantje von de Toren). These lines are a translation of a fragment of the popular Holland Poem or "Haantje von de Toren" by P. de Genestet, a minister of the Remonstrant Church of the city of Delft, who died some thirty years ago in the prime of life. The poem is a dedication to the memory of his estimable wife, who died young, a victim of consumption, and whose mental conflict under the trying circumstances of the disease, which ended in her sweet resignation to the Divine will, are pathetically expressed in it.

"HOW A BANDIT SET THINGS IN ORDER."—Jakob Emmers, who lived in Friesland (old Frisia) Netherlands during the latter part of the preceding century, appears to have been an extraordinary character among the depredatory fraternity, having followed his illegal vocation as it seems more for the fun than for the profit that was in it, and the stories of his many exploits which partook often of a humorous nature, are still related among the peasantry of that country. Although he committed many robberies which landed him once or twice in the penitentiary, he was naturally of a benevolent disposition and never committed a violent deed. During the latter part of his life he reformed became a Christian and good citizen and died as such, bemourned by those who knew him.

"ROSA" (Roosje).—The author of this poem was Jakob Bellamy, a distinguished Dutch poet, born in Vissingen, Nov. 12, 1757, and died March 11, 1786. His

parents were very poor and he was indebted for his education to the patronage of a clergyman and other persons who had seen and admired the patriotic effusions of his boyish muse and who subscribed to send him to the University of Utrecht.

Here talents already marked in B, were devoted chiefly to poetry, though his benefactors had hoped that he would devote himself to theology. His first sentimental and anacreontic poems published at Amsterdam in 1782 were followed by a series of earnest patriotic poems (Vaderlandsche Gezangen) and in the same year, a third volume, full of merit (1785). A collected edition of his works appeared at Harlem (1826) but it does not contain his most popular poem, "Roosje," here translated.

Bellamy was possessed of a glowing spirit and fancy, as well as a fine taste and ease in composition. He deservedly ranks as one of the chief restorers of National Literature. He died, being not yet 30 years old, with the brightest prospects of life before him.—*Chambers' Encyclopedia.*

"BATAVIA ALIAS TRANSVALIA."—"Clandius Civilis," leader of the ancient Batavians in their revolt against the Romans.

"Spanish Python," Tyranny of Spain over the Netherlands overthrown by a rebellion of its inhabitants which lasted eighty years.

"Albion, France and German States." Memorable struggle of the Republic of the United Provinces with the combined forces of England, France and the Bishops of Munster and Cologne, resulting in the victory of the former. Peace concluded at Nymegen.

"Freedom's Charter." Constitution of the United Provinces which the Americans consulted in the formation of their's after the revolution of 1776.

"Across the Vaal." Transvaal Republic, founded by descendants of the Holland Colonists.

"Laing's Neck," where the Transvalers repulsed the English.

"Johannestown." Johannsburg, where the English free-footer Jameson attempted to overthrow the Transvaal Republic but failed, was captured and imprisoned.

"MIDDAY DREAMS IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY."—This story is founded on the discovery of the remains of a French fort found a few years ago near the town of Templean on the Mississippi, which was thought to stand in connection with the journeys of the old voyagers and

the missionary enterprises of the Jesuit fathers. The Indian graves on the Mississippi bluff furnished the rest of the material.

"OLEANDER."—A young girl, called Hero, found her lover's body washed ashore after a storm. She buried it on the beach, beneath an Oleander bush and there spent her days in weeping.

A stranger heard her cries as she repeated her lover's name, O, Leander! O, Leander! He heard her history and as he took along a shoot of the bush as a memento, he called it henceforth Oleander.—*Bayard Taylor.*

"HERWIJNEN'S TRAGEDY."—Some forty years ago, a terrific thunderstorm passed on a certain Sunday over the village of Herwijnen in the province of Gelderland, Netherlands. The lightning struck the ancient church, when the service was in progress and killed the popular and eloquent preacher of the place. The minister had a presentment of his near at hand death and on a certain day as he walked out with his little boy to a hill near the town, he said to the child, pointing toward Herwijnen's church, "my dear boy, there your papa has preached the Word for many a year, but it will not be long any more, and so, when you come here again you will say, there father used to preach and there he is buried. I have the story from my mother's lips, who well remembers the sad incident. Last week as a heavy thunderstorm passed over our place, it reminded me of the tragedy, and as it has left a profound impression on me from childhood, I endeavored to put the story in verse, and these lines are the result.

"SOUNDING BOARD."—A kind of canopy over the old fashioned octagonal pulpit, once used in the country and still used in the Catholic and Episcopal churches among us, but universal in Europe.

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